National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

REV. DR. BRECKINRIDGE TO SENATOR SUMNER.

To the Hon. Charles Sumner—*Sir:* I have read with great attention a discourse of yours, published in the *New York Tribune* of the 18th of May, which, according to the statements of that paper, was pronounced at Niblo's Theatre, in the City of New York, a few days before, to an immense and delighted assembly of the people. I will add that it is my habit to read carefully whatever I find in the newspapers of the day proceeding from you. For I observe in what falls from you a more serious conviction, a deeper tincture of scholarship, a larger intelligence, and a more earnest manliness, than I have been able to discover in the utterances of those who seem to enjoy your confidence and share your labours. It is no disparagement to you, personally, to add, that, representing the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, sitting in the seat of Daniel Webster, discoursing of the duty of the Northern States on the most dangerous topic of our day, and pleading eloquently for the Necessity, Practicability and Dignity of an enterprise whose success involves the ruin of the country, your words have, for all considerate men, an interest and an importance which all your high qualities would fail to impart to them if you spoke as a private citizen. It may be possible, also, that the words of a private person like myself, and a total stranger to you, by connecting themselves with the stirring and dangerous words spoken by you from that great position you have won, may obtain an audience which, but for that, it were idle to expect for them. And you will yourself, perhaps, admit that I have somewhat to say worthy of serious consideration, and that my life-long connection, in many forms, with most of the topics you discuss entitles me, without undue presumption, to give utterance to some of the thoughts excited by your discourse.

Allow me, Sir, to utter, in one sentence, the substance of my whole thought touching the madness of the times about this whole question of Negro Slavery. Here we are—a great people, with a glorious mission set before us. More than twenty millions of us—with whose destiny the destiny of three or four millions of blacks is fearfully combined. One way or other, we must solve their destiny, when we solve our own. This is wholly unavoidable. But, the madness is, that every seven white Americans must needs cut each other's throats concerning the fate of one black African! Is there no solution of the problem of their destiny and ours but that solution which destroys us, without benefiting them? And can statesmen such as I do not see sufficient reason to doubt you are—and patriots such as I have not the heart to deny you to be—find no better solution of this terrible problem—no nobler issue of our sublime hopes—than mutual destruction by the men of the North and the men of the South, for the sake of the African slaves, scattered thinly over the continent? Are we not able to bear through, by our invincible strength, even such a parisite as this black race, carrying them forward far beyond anything they could have reached without us, and yet mounting up ourselves, far beyond anything they may ever reach? Shame upon every American statesman, and every American patriot, who is insensible to the glory of such a result! Infamy to every one who conspires to defeat it!

And yet, Sir, you, an American Senator, speaking in the name of that great Commonwealth in whose bosom stands Bunker Hill, and sitting in the seat of that great Statesman and Patriot who saw no hope for public liberty higher than that which rests upon the Union of these States—you, an American Senator, who have studied the past and who fear God, allow yourself to bring the whole force of your character, your position, and your great gifts, to bear directly upon the point at which alone it is possible to wreck the country, and to destroy us all together! The very madness of the times assumes in you its most frantic aspect; and you openly avow that slavery in America is a wrong so grievous and unquestionable that it should not be allowed to continue—nay, that it should cease to exist at once—nay, that a wrong so transcendent, so loathsome, so direful, must be encountered wherever it can be reached, and the battle must be continued, without truce or compromise, until the field is entirely won. Such are your words, profoundly eloquent—unspeakably frantic!

Now, Sir, this means neither more nor less than the edge of the sword. Lay aside the rhetoric, and the simple sense is grape and canister, cold steel and stricken battle. Believe me, Mr. Sumner, when I state two facts, one of which I know better than you do, and the other of which you ought to know better, perhaps, than I do. The fact which I know better than you do is, that whenever the very faintest indication of the settled purpose of the men of the North to follow your advice becomes apparent to the men of the fifteen slave States of this Union, a million of armed men will be ready to receive you and your followers; and if you come not speedily thereafter to execute your threats, your coming will not be waited for; but they will seek you on the soil where you now vainly suppose no danger will ever come. The fact which you ought to know better than I do is, that after two or three hundred thousand men are arrayed in battle, on each side, it makes no sort of difference, as to the probable result, whether one or the other party has the greater reserve of physical force left out of battle; because, after two or three hundred thousand fighting men, in the present state of the art of war, everything depends merely on brains. The sum of these two facts is very clear; namely, if the North wants to settle the Slavery question by the edge of the sword, the North is in a very fair way to be perfectly gratified; and when she gets what she wants, there is, at least, an exceeding great probability that the North will see reason to change her mind very materially as to the wisdom of that method of settling that question.

Moreover, let it not escape your attention that many circumstances aggravate the conduct of the men of the North, and exasperate the hearts of the men of the South, in this whole business, all of them tending to strengthen us and to weaken you at every stage of the bloody struggle to which you are driving the country. For, in the *first place*, let slavery be all that you assert it to be, the time is long past when it was either honest, wise or patriotic for you to take that ground, even in an argument having merely ordinary political bearings, much less in one looking to bloodshed and conquest. All *that* was settled between us before the old Confederation was formed; it was settled again in the common danger and common glory of our great Revolution; it was settled again in the Federal Constitution. I say nothing about the unspeakable folly of arguing, as a statesman, that a slave State and a free State cannot tolerate each other in one Confederacy, supposing the question to be now for the first time considered. What I say is, that it is no longer possible for the men of the North to open that question without revolution, and without disloyalty to every national act and movement of our past history; and what I mean is, that they cannot do this without so weakening and disgracing themselves, and so strengthening and ennobling us, that God, posterity, fortune, and the hearts of the combatants, must feel the effects of the opposite conduct and position of the parties. To which add, in the *second place*, that this conduct of the men of the North, besides being a base political afterthought, is a deliberate breach of faith, cemented by the blood of our fathers; an ignoble retraction of plighted honour and truth and justice; a calculated sacrifice of those of their own race, and lineage, and house, and blood, for those of a strange kindred and clime—without any new circumstance or additional reason for so atrocious a perfidy against plighted troth. Add again, in the *third place*, the atrocity of that state of heart in which the North presses this bloody arbitrament, under the settled belief that she risks nothing thereby, and that we risk everything; and the fervour of that state of soul in which the South, roused by so much insult, injustice, and danger, really does risk all, with a sublime purpose, to the last man, to win all. And then, *in the fourth place*, add the sort of conviction with which the two parties thus mutually range themselves in that deadly strife; and if you be as wise as you are eloquent, you may comprehend what as yet you seem to have wholly overlooked, namely, the settled confidence of the entire slave States that they are fully able to make the men of the North repent that ever they broke constitutions, and forgot ancestral ties, and outraged national obligations, in order to ruin ten millions of the most elevated race on the face of the earth, upon the hazard—if not the pretext—of benefiting the third part of that number of one of the most degraded races in the world. You will have battle—and that without truce or compromise—and that whenever you can reach us—and that until the field is entirely won! For my part, Sir, I would it, if it were begun. For whoever lives to see that battle fought, will see one more example added to the multitudes which already crowd the annals of mankind, that they who boast themselves when they gird their harness on are apt enough to wail when they come to put it off.

So far, then, you may perceive that, according to the fixed and unanimous conviction of the fifteen Commonwealths you propose to conquer, your whole North, if it were united as one man, could no more do that deed than it could make a world; and that, unless it were utterly lost to every glorious inspiration of the past, and every sacred impulse struggling for birth in all true hearts, the North would no more think of making such an attempt upon such pretexts as you array—even if those pretexts were all true and real—than it would think of parricide followed by self-murder. But, Sir, I beg you to consider what I shall add to show that those pretexts are neither true nor real.

The very foundation of your discourse, as you distinctly state, is the grand principle, universal, as you assert, in the law of slavery, that man, created in the image of God, is divested of his human character, and declared to be a mere chattel. Now, Mr. Sumner, you cannot fail to be aware that both parts of this statement are absolutely untrue, and, by consequence, your whole plea for our conquest is based on a double, perfidious quibble. There is not a single slave State in the Union whose laws divest the slave of his human character. There is not a single one whose laws declare a slave to be a *mere* chattel. No doubt many of the rights which I believe, with you, to be inherent in human nature are wholly incompatible with any state of slavery. No doubt, if slavery exists at all, the right of property thus recognised by the local law may be made analogous to the right one has to a chattel, just as it may be to the right one has to realty. But you have far too much sense and knowledge not to know that these are widely different truths from the abominable untruths upon which your whole discourse proceeds. Do you not perfectly understand that every slave State in this Union shapes its entire slave code upon the grand truths that a slave is *not* a *mere* chattel, and that his human character is *not* divested? Do you not know that, by the universal law of slavery, the slave is held to innumerable accountabilities, over-riding all claim of his master; and that he is protected, not as a chattel, but as a man, at the peril and profit even of his master's life? And yet, upon precisely opposite allegations, you construct an argument whose logical issue is the subversion of our National Union; and upon that argument you construct a code of morals, whose highest obligation is civil war! Sir, whatever may be my opinion of the fairness of such reasoning, I easily perceive its dialectic skill. But for your sweeping allegations, your argument had nothing on which to rest; for if the relation of master and slave be once admitted to be generically a relation of power and subjection analogous to those of ruler and subject, guardian and ward, parent and child, then it demands far higher power than yours to show that, as a mere relation, it has any moral quality at all; and then your duty of murder on account of it comes straightway to an end. Slavery, Mr. Sumner, is not a thing which, even in its fundamental nature, much less in its more revolting aspects, I have any purpose to defend. But it is not, either in its nature or its manifestations, the thing you pronounce it to be; and this you could hardly fail to know. How, then, can I avoid saying, that the pretexts on which you counsel such insane proceedings, are neither true nor real?

What you say on the two vital objections, as you call them, to what you style the Anti-Slavery Enterprise, is not equal to the level of your ordinary thoughts. The *distinction of race*, as an obstacle to indiscriminate abolition, and the *sanction of Christians* to the institution of slavery, as a plea for its toleration, do unquestionably require to be put aside more thoroughly than you have succeeded in doing before the terrible necessity of adopting your principles and following your counsel can be said to be obligatory on the conscience of the North. I will venture to suggest somewhat on both topics, which seems to have escaped your notice.

For my part, Sir, I wish well to every country in the world, and to every race on the face of the earth. But I frankly admit that I love my own country out of all comparison with every other; that I cherish my own race with a fervour far beyond that with which I regard all others. Some people call this bigotry—some call it fanaticism—some call it narrow-mindedness—and the like. I call it an exalted duty, both of natural morality and of revealed religion—whose neglect is incompatible with a pure heart or a right spirit in man. It has pleased God to create and to establish great diversities of race amongst men; diversities which, if we could obliterate them completely, would, there can be no doubt, be reëstablished under the course of Divine Providence, whose grand designs in that, as in all things else, we neither fully comprehend nor are able to defeat. This diversity of race, extending apparently to the utmost limit compatible with its generic unity, has been one of the most conspicuous elements in the destiny of mankind—and is so still. I beg you to consider that, in all recorded time, but two methods have been found whereby it was possible to solve that great problem of the general mixture of races, in one community, on equal terms. It can be done, where all have a common master; that is, under a form which indiscriminately enslaves all. Or it can be done by means of the toleration of Polygamy; that is, under a form where the civil equality is preceded and coerced by one of blood and household. Except by one or other of these means, or by both of them combined, the fundamental demand of your Abolition hypothesis, after innumerable attempts upon every race of men, under every form of civilization, has encountered only universal shipwreck. Your Anti-Slavery Enterprise, therefore, as soon as it encounters the question of mixed races dwelling together, must demand that equality which is produced by the indiscriminate servitude of all; or it must demand the toleration of polygamy; or it must succumb before the irresistible course of Providence, and the invincible laws of human nature, as both are attested by the universal experience of mankind. That is, we must renounce our freedom and our actual civilization, to reach one solution of this problem; or we must renounce our Christianity, to reach the other solution of it; or we must resist your Anti-Slavery Enterprise, with its fundamental clause of equality of races, as tantamount to the utter disorganization of society. Sir, I have not one word to say about Shem, or Ham, or Japheth, or Canaan. But, whether as a statesman, as a philosopher, or as a Christian, and with a sovereign contempt for all infidel theories of man, of society, and of virtue, I calmly and sorrowfully tell you, there lies one of the grand and insuperable obstacles to that universal freedom and equality of man for which man has panted from the origin of the race, but could never attain, and never will upon such theories as yours. The pretext that the thing is attainable by civil war, or is attainable at all except on the terms stated, or is either possible or desirable for us, is neither true nor real.

On the other point, your plea for the dissolution of society and the ruin of our country is still less satisfactory. As for me, Mr. Sumner, it has been the great business of my life to preach the Gospel of God; the great pleasure of my life, to do what I could to ameliorate the condition of my fellow-men. And I need not hesitate to add, that, while I have won neither senatorial rank nor national notoriety thereby, I have endured more and risked more for the sake of the black race, by far, than either you or I have done for the sake of the white. Your fierce sarcasm, therefore, has no terror for me; nor can your pathos mislead a heart which has felt too deeply all the real evils of this pitiable case to be susceptible to the influence of the most eloquent exaggerations; nor have I any sympathy with that state of mind in which one can imagine that he is pleading the cause of Christ while he is counseling the deliberate violation of the most sacred obligations. The life and doctrine of the Lord Jesus afford the only perfect illustration of every truth and every duty; and, among the rest, of that glorious truth of the universal brotherhood of man, and that immortal duty of quenchless, mutual love founded on it. But how utterly do we misconceive the life and doctrine of the Son of God when we advocate universal treason in order to redress partial oppression; or teach doctrines which lead only to universal rapine, in order to rectify partial injustice! I wish, from the bottom of my heart, that every people were fit to enjoy, and did actually possess, public liberty and free institutions; but should I, therefore, urge an indiscriminate assault upon all nations which desire, but are denied, these inestimable blessings? All duty is founded upon truths and laws, both of which are immutable; but every duty is modified by circumstances, which vary ceaselessly; and it is only as we comprehend both of these great principles that we can ever attain any rational assurance that we perform a single duty aright. As a member of the human race, enlightened by the Gospel, I may have a particular view of the general question of human servitude. Considered as a citizen of the United States, with the institution of slavery occupying the precise posture it does in this nation, my view of my own duty must necessarily be modified. Considered as a citizen of Kentucky, where much might be done towards the amelioration of slavery, my duty is modified again. And considered as a citizen of South Carolina, where, probably, it is hardly possible to conjecture how slavery could terminate peacefully and safely, my duty necessarily undergoes another and very serious modification. The religion of Jesus Christ is

dence constrains our fallen race to exist; and it is as absurd in reason, and as unfounded in fact, to assert that Christ and his Apostles required the indiscriminate abolition of human servitude as to assert that they required the indiscriminate overthrow of any other form of despotic authority among men. For myself, my natural heart would doubtless have loved the teachings of the Lord all the more if he had preached a crusade for liberty, instead of a sacrifice for sin. But with his Gospel in our hands, we can no more keep an honest and enlightened conscience, and deny that his teachings tolerated human servitude as a condition compatible with salvation, than we can make ourselves acquainted with the history of human affairs, and deny that his providence has tolerated human servitude as a condition compatible with the existence of society. What are we, that we cannot have a little patience with that with which God has had patience since sin entered into the world? And how striking is it to behold the certainty with which men repudiate the power of the Gospel as soon as they have fastened on it a power of their own; how surely they become heretics, apostates or infidels, when they begin to teach Christ instead of sitting down at his feet to learn of him? What else can we say, but that all such pretexts, whether for public wrong or for private iniquity, are neither true nor real?

It was my purpose, Sir, to have said something on the remaining topics of your discourse—the Practicability and Dignity of the Anti-Slavery Enterprise, together with your view of the special duty of the North with regard to it. In your first topic, however, the necessity of that enterprise, the foundation of all lies; and, having discussed, in some degree, your fundamental principles, I pass by what, when I was a younger man, I should have been more prompt to utter, touching some other portions of your discourse. For the rest, I will venture to add a few words, which, if you cared to do so, it would be your right to demand of me, in explanation of my own views, after having spoken so freely of yours.

Slavery, Mr. Sumner, is not a modern institution; it is as ancient as human society. And yet it is not a permanent institution, in the sense of being perpetuated in one particular race or country. We have the sad advantage of being able to contemplate it in every age of the world, in every condition of society, and in contact with every form of civilization. We ought, by this time, to be able to comprehend it. From this point of view I have two statements to make, both of which, I fear, may appear to you inaccurate. The first is, that nothing concerning the structure of human society is more clearly established, by the entire career of man on this earth, than that, in some form or other, the social subjugation of one part of every highly developed community to another part of it—that is, servitude in some form or other—is absolutely inevitable; just as much so as the existence of crime, or want, or sorrow. Let us bewail this as a badge of our fallen condition; let us seek its constant amelioration, as one of our clearest duties; but let us respect truth, and justice, and honour, and good faith in all our attempts.

The second statement I have to make is, that the general condition of negro slavery in America, so far from being particularly direful and loathsome, as you represent it to be, is really, and, indeed, of necessity, in all respects, mitigated and regulated after the pervading spirit of our Protestant civilization, and is gradually acquiring a more endurable position, as the power of the Gospel gradually extends its influence, and as the slave States gradually settle into the conviction that their duty obliges them to accept this institution as a permanent part of their social system. I do not myself believe that servitude in this particular form is, as an original question, either necessary or desirable; and I am well convinced that in many of our slave States it may be gradually abolished, with great advantage; while in all of them it might be still further ameliorated, without regard to the question of its ultimate solution. Nor is it my opinion that the permanent continuance of this servitude, in its present form, is possible—though its endurance may be protracted, and the methods of its termination extremely diversified, over the immense area covered by it. Your duty and mine, Sir, as American philanthropists, each in his own sphere, is to accept this great problem as we find it, and, by all the means in our power, assist its final outworking, in a manner most compatible with the interests of humanity, with the true progress and glory of our country, and with those internal principles of nature and of Providence which our puny efforts may in some degree assist, but are wholly impotent to control.

There is an aspect of this whole question of Negro Slavery in America extremely broad, and which you do not seem to have examined. It is not merely a question of slavery and the negro population on this continent; nor yet merely a question of bloodshed and conquest of your North against our South. It is a question affecting all of the black race throughout the earth, and all those vast interests of the whole earth which the final destiny of that immense race involves. As yet, the black race has never had a nationality. As yet, there has never been a civilized State within the tropics. A hundred millions of the human race, and nearly a fourth part of the earth's habitable surface, around its very centre, await the issue of this question of Negro Slavery in America, and must be influenced greatly, if not controllingly, by it. Rest assured, Mr. Sumner, whatever dignity you may persuade yourself to ascribe to your Anti-Slavery Enterprise, and to your stirring speech at Niblo's Theatre—nay, even to your Faneuil Hall eloquence, and your Massachusetts agitations over some fugitive slave—there is an eternal logic in events, and there is an awful majesty in the sublime course of Providence, in the face of which posterity will say that men endowed like you ought to have been ashamed to participate in such insane, fantastic and ignoble revels!

However difficult the question of human servitude may be to solve, after slavery has been fully established in the bosom of a commonwealth, or however men may differ as to the moral aspect of the actual questions now agitating the minds of our countrymen so deeply, it seems to me that, as a mere topic of National politics and National legislation, the whole question of American slavery is one environed by no other difficulties but such as have been created by our own evil passions. So far as the powers of the National Government are concerned, has not Massachusetts the unquestionable right to create slavery in her bosom, if she sees fit to do so, and Louisiana to abolish it in hers, if she thinks proper? And is not this true of every State? What need, then, is there, in all soberness, for frantic contentions about Territorial settlements, which, in their own nature, can be only temporary? Suppose Missouri should abolish slavery? Suppose Illinois should create it? Suppose Kansas should decide the question, first one way, and then the other? Moreover, what essential difference does it make whether it is upon a basis of fifteen slave States or sixteen slave States that the great problem of our national destiny is to be worked out? And as to its true bearing on the infinite mission of our country, what consequence can a rational mind attach to the temporary result of a fierce conflict for supremacy between madmen in one of our Territories west of the Missouri River? What odds does it make, any way, as a national question, whether there are three millions of slaves or three millions and a fraction over—whether six, or ten, or a hundred slaves, more or less, escape or are reclaimed? The power of the General Government over the whole subject is so extremely limited, and transient, and incidental, as compared with the absolute power of the States themselves; the good that can be done by the exercise of the powers actually possessed by Congress is comparatively so slight and uncertain, and the danger which is obviously incurred is so real and deplorable; the condition in which the nation stands with reference to the whole subject is so distinct and so peculiar; that, I must confess, it has always appeared to me unspeakably surprising that any national party, and especially any one at the North, should be found capable of permanent organization in connection with such topics. Any honest, moderate, patriotic, consistent exercise of the powers of the General Government over the question of slavery could hardly have failed to satisfy the nation to the end, as it satisfied it during its early and most glorious period. Whatever may have been the sins or follies of Southern statesmen, or the Southern people, it would be hard to produce an example at once more flagrant, insulting and unjust than the discourse which suggested these remarks.

After all, I cannot persuade myself that God will allow us to degrade ourselves so utterly as to break up this glorious Confederacy on such a question as this. I do not allow myself to believe that the mass of the American people are so utterly destitute of the sublime instinct of their country's mission among the Nations. Civil war is not a remedy; it is the most direful of all diseases. National strength, in a day like ours, and to freemen, is not so much a glory as it is a necessity—the grand necessity of their liberty and independence. As to slavery, it is a question about which men may differ, according to the necessity of their condition and the point of view from which they consider it. But the cordial and indissoluble Union of these States is a matter concerning which no American who has a true heart in his bosom can possibly have but one opinion—one purpose. If there be one political duty common to us all, and transcendently clear and binding, it is that we should visit with immediate and condign punishment every party and every public man who is not loyal to the Union and the Constitution.

Your fellow citizen and obedient servant,

Selections.

LIBERTY OR DESPOTISM—LETTER FROM CASSIUS M. CLAY.

Correspondence of The Cincinnati Gazette.

July 19, 1855.

Eds. Gazette: To-morrow I go to the field of contest, to determine whether the liberty of speech and religious freedom is longer possible in a slave State! In this unequal struggle, as the result cannot be foreseen, I deem it due my own character and the great issues pending to say a parting word through a press where *suppression* is impossible. Born and bred in a slave State, every hour of my experience compels me to avow that the world has not yet begun to conceive the consistent Jesuitism and unfathomable atrocity of the slave *propaganda!* They who stand at the cradle, ignoring the holy sentiments which consecrate the pledges of devoted and mutual love, to catechise God's noblest work, and to stifle the immortal aspirations of a human soul, are not the men to show magnanimity, or indulge in the weakness of justice, mercy and truth!

It is their vocation to dominate over the human mind, and to subject brute power to the superior force of intellect. Gentle, polished, and winning—stern, bullying, and remorselessly cruel—appealing at one time to the sentiment, now to the passions, and then to the fears of men—they must be "cunning in fence," indeed, who can stand up under such odds. No wonder, then, that they have taken possession of the press, the pulpit, and the government; and that the boasted liberties of the American people lie crushed and bleeding under their iron heel! But despotism is, under whatever name, everywhere the same; and its chief and last resort is *force*. To *that* has the Slave Power now come. Its organs threaten to drive out the new Congress with arms—renewed violence swells on westward, and cannon, and the rifle, and the bowie-knife, overthrow the civil power; and despotism rules supreme in places of vaunted "popular sovereignty"—in the great prairies so often solemnly pledged to Liberty, to Civilization and Christianity.

When Governor Reeder is threatened with a halter, and assaulted with intent to kill the representative of the American sovereignty and Franklin Pierce, who was very manly in summoning the nation's power to the re-capture of a poor trembling fugitive from slavery, repudiates his own government and plunges the sword of justice into the heart of his own standard-bearer, it cannot be expected that I should advance, unopposed, the vanguard of the "Republican" army in the midst of its enemies. I see now, I have long seen, the meshes gathering around me. Let no man, therefore, too harshly reprove me if the instincts of self-preservation have caused me to cry out too wildly for the composed ears of a self-deluding nation, against the ever-onward march of Despotism! When Douglas & Co. repealed the Missouri Compromise, how could I refrain from denouncing them as *worthy of death?* Not from me, not for me, comes the imprecation. I and mine will be forgotten in the great issues of this crime, and my voice will be silenced amid the tears—the blood—the woe which follow in its wake, and the lamentations of the widows and the orphans which it will have made! No, to all America that time has come—Liberty or Despotism!

The *Courier* of Louisville found us quietly at our work. It called upon its myrmidons to imitate the deeds of Atchison and Douglas and Stringfellow. Ready with pistol and bowie-knife, they silence John G. Fee, the fearless martyr-spirit of our party, in Religion. If a lie had not followed fast in the footsteps of this execution, this had not been the land of slavery! He is *falsely* accused of distributing tracts to the slaves, and exciting insurrection! Mr. Fee sends his denial to the *Courier*, with the programme of his action, laid down in the Annual Report of the American Missionary Society. Did he retract his calumny? did he publish its refutation? No, that would not have been like the mercenary tool of despotism. *Unheard* he is condemned and silenced!

I come to the rescue of my friend, the defender of my cause. Now, once more against me, also unheard, the *Courier* publishes a libellous letter, and Jesuitically invokes bloodshed! The resolutions passed at the Jessamine meeting, and published in the *Cincinnati Gazette*, were read at the assemblies at Bush Creek and Scaffold Cave, that there might be no question about our motives and actions. I know too well the scoundrelism of that party to trust myself to their magnanimity. I flatter myself that my name is placed beyond the sphere of calumny, and all my past history gives assurance that my friends may have cause to mourn my fate, but never my principles.

I call your attention once more to my letter to the *New York Tribune*, after the Nebraska crime. I ask of you the favour of its republication. I am cheered that I find myself in sympathy with the great minds and heroic hearts of the Nation. Thank God for this foretaste of "the good time coming!" All hail, Ohio! all hail, the North! all hail, the Republican Party!

Go on, then, with the sentiments of the 13th of July inscribed on your banners—July the 4th and July the 13th: may they both be eras to be ever remembered among men! when the aspirations of the great Jefferson shall be falfilled, and the revolution begun in '76 shall commence being completed in '55!

But we shall not have a peaceful triumph. Deity vindicates and expiates the violation of His eternal laws. Blood consecrates ever the remorse of great wrong. Standing here, under the acknowledged responsibilities of home and country, which no man can at will put on or off, I calmly look destiny, whatever it may be, in the face; but, living or dying, my aspiration shall be immortal—*may our country yet be free!*

Your obedient servant, C. M. Clay.

From The Cincinnati Gazette, July 24.

CASSIUS M. CLAY TRIUMPHANT!

The citizens of Rockcastle County, at a meeting held on the 11th of July, resolved, as our readers are already aware, "that Cassius M. Clay, John G. Fee, and all other Abolition speakers, must desist from speaking in that County." C. M. Clay's answer to the Committee who were appointed to give him notice of that resolution was that he and Mr. Fee should speak at Scaffold Cave, in that County, on Saturday last.

They kept that appointment and were heard. There was some difficulty about getting the church, as there was an appointment for a sermon by the Baptist clergyman in the morning. It was, however, surrendered to Mr. Clay at the close of the service; and at 12 o'clock, John G. Fee commenced speaking. He concluded his remarks without interruption and was followed by Mr. Clay. Both speakers were listened to attentively, and no violence was offered or talked of.

The object of all these threats it seems now difficult to conceive. The people of Rockcastle County certainly knew Mr. Clay too well to suppose that they would intimidate him. The only conclusion we can come to is, that they meant at the time the threats were made to keep them, but have yielded to the superior physical and moral courage of Mr. Clay.

But Mr. Clay is achieving greater results than mere triumphs over physical force. He is effecting slowly, but surely, a change in popular opinion in Kentucky. There is an intense excitement on this question throughout all that part of the State. Excitement begets debate, and debate elicits thought; and all help on the cause of truth. Free Speech triumphed on Saturday; may it ever triumph in Kentucky, and in all the world beside.

FUGITIVE SLAVE EXCITEMENT.

From The Pittsburg Journal.

An event occurred on Sunday and yesterday which, though ludicrous, shows how earnest our citizens are in their opposition to the Fugitive Slave law, and to slave-catchers in particular. We proceed to give it in full below:

The report that a slave-catcher had arrived at the Monongahela House, and was about to confer with the slave Commissioner about the recapture of his fugitive slave, spread to all parts of the city; and, as may be supposed, no little excitement was manifested by the Underground Railroad men and by other Abolitionists in the city. Committees of citizens were appointed to take the matter in hand, find out his intentions, and adopt such measures as the circumstances of the case called for.

The supposed slave-catcher, who had not for a moment the least misgiving that he was regarded in that odious light, was in bed when the Committee waited upon him to find out all about him. His astonishment may be conceived, and he made all haste to explain. His name is H. B. Northup, and he resided at Sandy Hill, Washington County, N. Y., and, having had urgent call to be in Philadelphia, wished to leave directions with the United States Clerk relative to the transaction of some business, so that he might leave the city by the 10 o'clock train. A stranger, he made inquiries for the residence of Mr. Sprowl, and he was directed there by Dr. McCook, Jr.

So far from being a slave-catcher, or having the least sympathy with the law, he was the individual who rescued Solomon Northup, whose work, "Twelve Years a Slave," everybody has read, from slavery in Louisiana. He felt mortified that, after his long connection with the cause, he name, he might have stolen it, gently insinuating that a slave-catcher would not hesitate at a small matter of that kind. At last, however, he convinced them of his identity; they also stated that in all the coloured congregations in the city notice had been given from the pulpit that slave-catchers were in town, and that every fugitive slave in the city had better conceal himself, which advice was, doubtless, immediately and rather extensively acted upon.

Mr. McCook, in the meantime, had suffered great annoyance from our zealous anti-slavery friends, who supposed he was in league with the slave-catcher. Even after the matter was fully explained, the annoyance continued, as the matter had become a joke too good to keep quiet about.

Mr. Northup was waited upon by several Committees of coloured persons and whites, at the Clerk's Office, yesterday morning, while he was transacting his business, when he again explained to the satisfaction of all concerned.

We had some conversation with Mr. N., and he states he bears his fate with resignation, though it was rather mortifying that, after the years he had spent in the anti-slavery cause, he should so suddenly find himself classed with so dishonourable a set. Still, he said, it was an evidence that Pittsburgers are all right on the subject of the law.

From the spirit manifested, we are of opinion that a slave-catcher would have but a small chance in this city, as, without doubt, the coloured persons here keep themselves posted up perfectly.

A NEW PLOT OF THE SLAVE-DRIVERS.

From The Tribune of July 24.

Our correspondent in Northern Mexico communicates some highly interesting intelligence with regard to the progress of the Revolution in that country and the designs of the Revolutionists. It seems that they are on the eve of a decisive battle with Gen. Woll, the commander under Santa Anna at Matamoras. Our correspondent is confident that they must carry the day, and the fact that Woll has sent his valuables across the river to Texas would seem to indicate that he also expects to be beaten. In case of success in this conflict, the Revolutionary party will at once get possession of the frontier Custom-Houses, which will enable them to raise the money necessary to carry out their schemes and secure their position against any attempt on the part of Santa Anna to re-conquer them. They propose to establish a federation of the three Northern States of Tamaulipas, Coahuila, and Nuevo Leon; but why they thus limit their plan does not appear. San Luis Potosi and part of Zacatecas and Durango also lie on this side of the Sierra Madre, and, in previous conspiracies of this sort, the practice has been to include them in the proposed new nation. Probably, however, their inhabitants lack that confidence in Carvajal and his compeers which would incline them to enlist in the present enterprise. It seems that these gentlemen are great admirers of American institutions, whether of slavery, among the rest, our correspondent omits to state. At any rate, the establishment of the Republic of the Sierra Madre can only be regarded as a ceremony preliminary to application for admission, or rather for "reannexation," to the United States. It is this ulterior necessity which renders the movements there particularly important to the people of this country. Our next advices from that quarter will inform us whether Carvajal or Woll is triumphant.

From the same of July 25.

We have from a private and perfectly trustworthy source in Texas some important information with regard to the present movement under Carvajal in Northern Mexico. The conspiracy originates in Texas, and is exclusively in the interest of the slave-drivers. It has been preparing for months, and, as we are assured, was known to nobody better than to those officers of the Federal Government whose duty it was to arrest the execution of the scheme. Prominent in it is Ford, the conductor of *The State Times*—he having spent the last month at San Antonio, helping to organize the Fillibuster force, which collected there to the number of about 400.

Apart from the ever active desire of the negro Oligarchy for new slave States as a means of retaining in their hands the power and patronage of the Government, there is a special stimulus to the proposed acquisition of Tamaulipas, Coahuila and New Leon in the fact that they now afford a refuge for considerable numbers of fugitive slaves, and that so long as they form a part of Mexico this inconvenience will continue to be felt. The number of negroes who now regularly emancipate themselves by flight across the Rio Grande cannot be less than 300 a year, and may be many more. It is safe to estimate the loss of active human property, which the patriots of Texas thus experience, at $200,000 per annum, not to say anything of their being deprived of the luxury of flogging all these negroes, which otherwise they would enjoy. Accordingly, they very naturally aim to accomplish at once several most laudable purposes: to add at least three new slave States to our glorious Union; to recover their runaway property; to become rich by the increased value of their lands in the conquered country; to render themselves immortal as the liberators of the new members of the American Republic from Mexican barbarism and anarchy; and possibly to get themselves into good business as governors, judges, senators or representatives of the "reannexed" territories. From present appearances, it is quite possible that they may succeed, at least in the first part of their enterprise. They will probably detach the Republic of the Sierra Madre from Mexico; and as for making a treaty afterward with the Government of this country for the surrender of all the slaves that have escaped or may escape from Texas within their limits, there is not likely to be any great difficulty about that. With regard to the ulterior design of "reannexation," their success is not so certain and cannot be so prompt. If the negro-drivers and doughfaces triumph in the next Presidential election, we must expect nothing less than the simultaneous admission of slaveholding Kansas and of these new States of the Sierra Madre. The one only obstacle to such an event is the Republican party, already formed in so many States, and soon to be completely organized in New York also. Out of that party there is no barrier to hinder the Oligarchy from carrying out their wildest schemes of domination and self-aggrandizement. In the midst of that black and degrading revolution which this insolent and reckless power is forcing upon the nation, the Republican party is the sole conservative force, the only focus of resistance which offers the slightest possibility of saving the country from the evils with which the Douglases, Stringfellows, Atchisons and Fords seek to overwhelm it. And yet there are many who claim to love freedom, and to be devoted to the peace and the welfare of the country, who stand aloof from that great party, and thus tacitly give aid and comfort to the villains who are pushing the dark plot to its completion!

FURIOSUS FURORE SUO PUNITUR.

From The Buffalo Democracy.

"Furiosus furore suo Punitur."—Freely translated, "men in a rage bite their own noses off." The percussion-cap, gilt-epauletted statesmen of Missouri—the Majors, the Captains (almighty few of that low grade), the Colonels (numerous), the Generals (thick as hairs on a dog), and the Major-Generals of the highly intelligent and carefully polished society of the trans-Mississippi South-West, recently in Convention in Lexington, have fully manifested how it is possible for men in a rage to make perfect fools of themselves. Everything was "tremendous" there, according to the telegraphic report. Southern proceedings are always tremendous. The "excitement" among the Colonels, Generals, Majors and Captains was tremendous, no less than twice. The "confusion" was tremendous; so was the storminess of the session. Everything was tremendous—even the folly, absurdity and childishness of the entire occasion. These were more tremendous than all else.

Think of it, now—the stupidity that sets up a great six-foot two-inch fellow—pompous with a self assumed or bar-room baptized title of "General"—fierce with great whiskers, and a carefully cultivated martial scowl—and actually fires out of him, in bomb-shell style, an offered resolution to exclude, by taxation, the products of Massachusetts from the State of Missouri, for that Massachusetts will not catch Kentucky niggers! Not to talk of the unconstitutionality of such a pro-slavery revenue arrangement, consider its folly. It proposes to stop the supplies of the necessaries of life of this very creature, and of his brothers, and sisters, and friends, and neighbours. Missouri does not manufacture. She *has* to buy, or go naked and wretched. But all the manufacturing States regard nigger-catching with equal repugnance. General Phoole of Missouri, therefore, is obliged to exclude *all* American manufactures from his State. There are British fabrics. To be sure. But England not only refuses to catch slaves, but emancipates all she has power over. So with the French. But France and England are out of the Union, and not bound by the "Compromises of the Constitution." Then comes a difficulty not anticipated by the Generals and Majors of the South-West. The manufacturing States of this Union are the importing States. If Missouri wants Manchester or Birmingham, Lyons or Paris fabrics, she has *got* to buy them in Philadelphia, New York or Boston. She has not the choice carefully-cherished slavery—but no ships, no European trade, and no present visible means of establishing direct European trade. Does not General Phoole see that his resolution, beside being self-injurious, is impossible of execution? Missouri would become as ragged as Lazarus, and more impoverished than Job, if she undertook to accomplish the policy recommended to her by the epauletted fools recently in Convention at Lexington.

There would have been no harmony in this affair if some Colonel, after a hurricane of Missouri eloquence, had not passed through the Convention a resolution to suppress Free Soil opinions and publications in the central slave States. My percussion-cap friend, you might as well bag the winds that sweep your State's prairies—as well chain and hopple the laws of gravitation as the great law of freedom of thought, and in a Republic the consequent freedom of expressed opinion. Know, too, military Sir (*lucus a non lucendo*), that that resolution sows civil war in the South. You are not all of you fools, nor all wedded by actual or imaginary interests to the system of slavery. There are Colonels and Generals who will think and speak their conviction that unpaid negro labour is the bane of the prosperity of the South, and who will avow their unwillingness to transmit it as the basis of a social economy to their children and their children's children. You Colonels and Generals will come by the ears. You had better

of the judicial office, and for lawless endeavours to enforce the law. Should the Lord, in his inscrutable wisdom, inflict upon us a few more Griers and a few more Kanes, revolution will be the only resource. A modicum of personal prudence will certainly do these ermined Dogberrys no harm. Let them show a little sense, if only for the sake of the salary.—*Boston Atlas.*

LAW VS. EQUITY—A HARD CASE.

A COLOURED man at Madison, Indiana, named John Simmons, was distinguished, some years ago, for his active sympathy with his oppressed brethren on the Southern side of the Ohio. His reputation as a philanthoropist pervaded the whole country for miles, and, as it seems, from subsequent judicious investigations, he was resorted to for "aid and comfort" by all fleeing victims of patriarchal tenderness, in their efforts to escape the halcyon influences of the "peculiar" institution. To the Christian grace of charity, honest John superadded the worldly advantage of a sleek and comely person, which he was studious to adorn with gay apparel and gaudy trinkets. In a word, our hero found himself elevated to that dangerous position in which "all men spoke well" of him. The godly, the gay, and the philanthropic, united in sounding his praises; and no one could have predicted, with any chance of being attended to, that one so marked as fortune's favourite could be subject to the vicissitudes and dangers of ordinary men.

But the ancients had a maxim, that "no man can be reckoned happy until he is dead"; and we fear that friend John has no very brilliant prospects, even in the land of departed spirits; for, like Judas, in an evil hour, he was tempted to betray the innocent blood—nay, he is said to have driven a thriving trade in the lawful and Union-saving business of catching fugitive slaves, by luring them to his house as a place of refuge, and then betraying them to their chivalrous pursuers, for thirty pieces of silver, more or less. This was the secret of John's thrift and the ill-gotten revenue, out of which he clothed himself in fine apparel, and fared sumptuously every day.

Unlike Judas, he had not the grace, self-convicted, to go and hang himself for the first offence, but persisted in the diabolical work, for we know not how long, until he was fairly caught. Of course, detection was sufficient to ruin the business in which he was engaged, since the fugitives were thereby warned to avoid his treacherous roof. John was "a confidence man"—lived and thrived on "confidence"—and when that was destroyed, his "occupation" was gone. But this was not all, and not the worst. John was seized, at midnight, by some of his coloured brethern, who vindicated the "higher law" by violating the lower. Fired by a generous indignation at the betrayer of their kind, they inflicted upon him such a drubbing as he will long remember, accompanied by the well-come warning, that if he should ever repeat his heartless villany upon another fugitive, his life would be the forfeit. Though not himself a believer in the "higher law," John began to feel the necessity of obeying the behests of its instruments; and, so far as is known, he has strictly refrained from their violation in the matter of betraying fugitives.

But John has not been left wholly without consolation. He is a friend of the Union, and of the "compromises of the Constitution." He is backed by the conservative portion of society—by the men of "property and standing," who felt bound, by their allegiance to the laws, to assist in bringing to condign punishment the reckless vindicators of the "higher law." Black traitor though he was to his race, John was true to the great national *panacea*, the Fugitive Slave Law, and one of the necessary instruments of its enforcement. His case was calculated to awaken sympathy in conservative breasts—to touch the tender consciences of the doughfaces—and he was, with their aid and counsel, induced to bring suit against the midnight executioners of summary justice. He instituted an action for damages in the Circuit Court of Jefferson County, in 1847, against Elijah Anderson, a coloured man, resident in Madison—a person, it seems, of good character, and possessed of a little property. Of course, judgment went against him. He appealed, and protracted the case down to October, 1854; but to no effect, except a great accummulation of cost. A coloured person named Chapman Harris was prosecuted in company with Anderson; but it seems that the latter has had to sustain the pecuniary burden, amounting to some seven hundred dollars, as we are informed on credible authority. His house and lot in Madison has been sold to satisfy the judgment, and only a small balance of his "little all" is left in the hands of the Sheriff, as the overplus. He is a ruined man, and makes an appeal to the benevolent for aid in restoring him and his helpless family to the comforts of a home. We trust that he may receive it. His offence hath this extent, no more—that his love for the Union is not commensurate with his abhorrence of treachery—he was not sufficiently impressed with the sanctity of the law which employs a Judas for its executioner, and, acting upon the honourable and generous instincts of his nature, he violated it. What man with a spark of chivalry in his breast will not sympathize with him? Has he not vindicated his race? Has he not proven a true man, in inflicting merited, though not the due measure of punishment upon the base betrayer of his kind?

We are informed that Mr. David Pollock, Superior street, Cleveland, Ohio, is authorized to receive subscription for the benefit of Anderson; and we trust that the appeal to the generous and humane will not be in vain. —*National Era.*

THE WHEELER SLAVE CASE.

PASSMORE WILLIAMSON COMMITTED FOR CONTEMPT.

From The Philadelphia Bulletin, July 27.

THE United States District Court was densely crowded this morning by persons anxious to hear the decision of Judge Kane on the motion to commit Mr. Passmore Williamson for contempt of Court, and for perjury, in making an alleged false return to the writ of Habeas Corpus requiring him to produce the bodies of the slaves of Col. Wheeler.

Judge Kane read the following decision:

DECISION OF JUDGE KANE.

U. S. A. ex rel. Wheeler vs. Passmore Williamson—Sur. Habeas Corpus, July 27, 1855.

Colonel John H. Wheeler, of North Carolina, the United States Minister to Nicaragua, was on board a steamboat, at one of the Delaware wharves, on his way from Washington, to embark at New York for his post of duty. Three slaves belonging to him were sitting at his side on the upper deck.

Just as the last signal bell was ringing, Passmore Williamson came up to the party, declaring to the slaves that they were free, and, forcibly pressing Mr. Wheeler aside, urged them to go ashore. He was followed by some dozen or twenty negroes, who, by muscular strength, carried the slaves to the adjoining pier; two of the slaves at least, if not all three, struggling to release themselves and protesting their wish to remain with their master; two of the negro mob, in the meantime, grasping Col. Wheeler by the collar, and threatening to cut his throat if he made any resistance.

The slaves were borne along to a hackney coach that was in waiting, and were conveyed to some place of concealment; Mr. Williamson following and urging forward the mob; and giving his name and address to Colonel Wheeler, with the declaration that he held himself responsible toward him for whatever might be his legal rights; but taking no personally active part in the abduction after he had left the deck.

I allowed a writ of Habeas Corpus at the instance of Colonel Wheeler, and subsequently an alias; and to this last Mr. Williamson made return, that the persons named in the writ, "nor either of them, are not now, nor was at the time of issuing of the writ, or the original writ, or at any other time, in the custody, power or possession of the Respondent, nor by him confined or restrained: wherefore he cannot have the bodies," &c.

At the hearing, I allowed the relator to traverse this return; and several witnesses, who were asked by him, testified to the facts, as I have recited them. The District-Attorney, upon this state of facts, moved for Williamson's commitment, 1, for contempt in making a false return; 2, to take his trial for perjury.

Mr. Williamson then took the stand to purge himself of contempt. He admitted the facts substantially, as in proof before; made it plain that he had been an adviser of the project, and had given it his confederate sanction throughout. He renewed his denial that he had control at any time over the movements of the slaves, or knew their present whereabouts. Such is the case, as it was before me on the hearing.

I cannot look upon this return otherwise than as illusory—in legal phrase, as evasive, if not false. It sets out that the alleged prisoners are not now, and have not been, since the issue of the habeas corpus, in the custody, power or possession of the respondent; and in so far it uses legally appropriate language for such a return. But it goes further, and, by added words, gives an interpretation to that language essentially variant from its legal import.

It denies that the prisoners were within his power, custody or possession *at any time whatever*. Now, the evidence of respectable, uncontradicted witnesses, and the admission of the respondent himself, establish the fact, beyond controversy, that the prisoners were at one time within his power and control. He was the person by whose counsel the so-called rescue was devised. He gave the directions and hasted to the pier to stimulate and supervise their execution. He was the spokesman and first actor after arriving there. Of all the parties to the act of violence, he was the only white man, the only citizen, the only individual having recognised political rights, the only person whose social training could certainly interpret either his own duties or the rights of others under the Constitution of the land.

It would be futile, and worse, to argue that he who has organized, and guided, and headed a mob, to effect the abduction and imprisonment of others—he in whose presence and by whose active influence the abduction and imprisonment have been brought about—might excuse himself from responsibility by the assertion that it was not his hand that made the unlawful assault, or that he never acted as the gaoler. He who unites with others to commit a crime shares with them all the legal liabilities that attend on its commission. He chooses his company, and adopts their acts.

This is the retributive law of all concerted crimes, and its argument applies with peculiar force to those cases in which redress and prevention of wrong are sought through the writ of *habeas corpus*. This, the great remedial process by which liberty is vindicated and restored, tolerates no language in the response which it calls for that can mask a subterfuge. The dearest interests of life, personal safety, domestic peace, social repose, all that man can value, or that is worth living for, are involved in this principle. The institutions of society would lose more than half their value, and Courts of Justice become impotent for protection, if the writ of *habeas corpus* could not compel the truth, full, direct and unequivocal, in answer to its mandate.

It will not do to say to the man whose wife or whose daughter has been abducted, "I did not abduct her; she is not in my possession; I do not detain her, inasmuch as the assault was made by the hand of my subordinates, and I have forborne to ask where they propose consummating the wrong."

It is clear, then, as it seems to me, that, in legal acceptance, the parties whom this writ called on Mr. Williamson to produce were at one time within his power and control; and his answer, so far as it relates to his power over them, makes no distinction between that time and the present. I cannot give a different interpretation to his language from that which he has practically given himself, and cannot regard him as denying his power over the prisoners now, when he does not aver that he has lost the power which he formerly had.

He has thus refused, or at least he has failed to answer to the command of the law. He has chosen to decide for himself upon the lawfulness as well as the moral propriety of his act, and to withhold the ascertainment and vindication of the rights of others from that same forum of arbitrament on which all his own rights repose. In a word, he has put himself in contempt of the process of this Court and challenges its action.

That action can have no alternative form. It is one too clearly defined by ancient and honoured precedent, too indispensable to the administration of social justice and the protection of human right, and too potentially invoked by the special exigency of the case now before the Court, to excuse even a doubt of my duty or an apology for its immediate performance.

The cause was submitted to me by the learned counsel for the respondent, without argument, and I have, therefore, found myself at some loss to understand the ground on which, if there be any such, they would claim the discharge of their client. One only has occurred to me as, perhaps, within his view; and of this I think it right to express my opinion. I will frankly consider it, however, if any future aspect of the case shall invite the review.

It is this: that the persons named in this writ as detained by the respondent were not legally slaves, inasmuch as they were within the territory of Pennsylvania when they were abducted.

Waiving the inquiry, whether for the purposes of this question they were within the territorial jurisdiction of Pennsylvania while passing from one State to another, upon the navigable waters of the United States—a point on which my first impressions are adverse to the argument—I have to say:

1. That I know of no statute, either of the United States, or of Pennsylvania, or of New Jersey, the only other State that has a qualified jurisdiction over this part of the Delaware, that authorizes the forcible abduction of any person or anything whatsoever, without claim of property, unless in aid of legal process:

2. That I know of no statute of Pennsylvania which affects to divest the rights of property of a citizen of North Carolina, acquired and asserted under the laws of that State, because he has found it needful or convenient to pass through the territory of Pennsylvania.

3. That I am not aware that any such statute, if such a one were shown, could be recognised as valid in a Court of the United States.

4. That it seems to me altogether unimportant whether they were slaves or not. It would be the mockery of philanthropy to assert that because men had become free, they might, therefore, be forcibly abducted.

I have said nothing of the motives by which the respondent has been governed. I have nothing to do with them; they may give him support and comfort before an infinitely higher tribunal; I do not impugn them here.

Nor do I allude, on the other hand, to those special claims upon our hospitable courtesy which the diplomatic character of Mr. Wheeler might seem to assert for him. I am doubtful whether the acts of Congress give to him and his retinue, and his property, that protection, as a representative of the sovereignty of the United States, which they concede to all sovereignties beside. Whether, under the general law of nations, he could not ask a broader privilege than some judicial precedents might seem to admit, is not necessarily involved in the cause before me.

It is enough that I find, as the case stands now, the plain and simple grounds of adjudication, that Mr. Williamson has not returned truthfully and fully to the writ of habeas corpus. He must, therefore, stand committed for contempt of a legal process of the Court.

As to the second motion of the District Attorney, that which looks to a committal of perjury, I withhold an expression of opinion in regard to it. It is unnecessary, because, Mr. Williamson being under arrest, he may be charged at any time by the Grand Jury; and I apprehend that there may be doubts whether the affidavit should not be regarded as extra judicial and voluntary.

Let Mr. Williamson, the respondent, be committed to the custody of the Marshal without bail or mainprize, as for a contempt of Court in refusing to answer to the writ of habeas corpus, heretofore awarded against him at the relation of Mr. Wheeler.

After Judge Kane had concluded, District Attorney Vandyke moved that a commitment under the seal of the Court be issued, and the defendant, Passmore Williamson, be placed in the custody of the Marshal.

Mr. Gilpin said he desired to make a motion that the defendant be granted permission to amend his return to the writ of habeas corpus.

Mr. Vandyke objected.

Judge Kane said that Mr. Gilpin was too late with his motion. Mr. Vandyke's motion had already been granted, and the prisoner was in the custody of the Marshal.

Mr. Gilpin then commenced an argument on the truthfulness of the original return.

Judge Kane said that his decision would be on file, and he also understood that it would be reported in full in the newspapers of this afternoon. He thought it would be better for the counsel for the prisoner to examine the decision at their leisure, and then prepare any motion they might think proper to report.

Mr. Gilpin acquiesced, and the Court adjourned.

After the adjournment of the Court, Mr. Williamson's friends surrounded him and greeted him warmly. The defendant himself appeared perfectly cool and collected. Upon the other side of the Court-room, Mr. Wheeler was the centre of a circle of sympathizers. The Wheeler party seemed in high spirits at the result.

An intense feeling was evident in the countenances of the persons who witnessed the proceedings. Little groups talked the matter over among themselves, and the scene afforded an excellent indication of the strength of feeling engendered by the vexed question of slavery whenever and wherever it arises.

Marshal Wynkoop subsequently lodged Mr. Williamson in Moyamensing Prison.

BAIL OF THE COLOURED PRISONERS REDUCED.

From The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin, July 28.

John Ballard, William Custis, James S. Braddock, Jas. Martin and Isaiah Moore, the five coloured men arrested on a charge of participating in the Wheeler Slave rescue, were before Judge Kelley, this morning, on a writ of habeas corpus. These men were charged before Alderman James B. Freeman with assault and battery. They were held by the magistrate in $7,000 each to answer the charges against them.

The case of John Ballard, alias Rabbit, was first called. Col. Wheeler was called and sworn—He then repeated the evidence that has already been published. He said that Ballard was present and caught him by the arms rudely; he, Ballard, said that if I resisted, they would cut my throat from ear to ear.

The witness was cross-examined by Mr. Peirce, and, in reply to his questions, said:

The persons accompanying me were my slaves under the laws of North Carolina; they were accompanying me voluntarily through a free country to a free country; I was going to Nicaragua, as Minister from the United States; these servants were never with me in North Carolina; they lived with me during the past year in Washington; they were never with me in North Carolina; I said they were my slaves under the law of North Carolina, because I am a citizen of that State; I got them in Virginia; they were slaves there; I have owned them three years, I believe; other branches of the family are owned by my family; the name of the woman is Jane; in the South, slaves generally take the surname of their owner; I presume she would be known as Jane Wheeler; the boys are some 10 or 15 years old, respectively; I do not know their precise age; the youngest was out at service two years; Nicaragua is a free country; I was carrying them as free people, as my family. [The witness here explained that what he meant by free people was, that they went of their own free will.]

The question of the commission of highway robbery by the defendants was here mooted. District-Attorney Mann abandoned that charge, saying that the charge of highway robbery in the case was simply absurd under the laws of Pennsylvania. Mr. Wheeler remarked that the servants had property of his with them, an umbrella and other articles.

Question by Mr. Pierce—Do the laws of Nicaragua allow the importation of slaves?

Mr. Mann objected to the question.

Mr. Pierce replied that the action in this case had hitherto been based upon the ground that the parties were slaves. He desired to show by the witness that this party was being taken through the free State of Pennsylvania to the free State of New York, there to set sail for Nicaragua, and that, as an embassador, he would not break the laws of the State to which he was accredited.

Mr. Mann contended that Mr. Wheeler was not a competent witness as to what were the laws of Nicaragua. These people were his servants, whether free or bond, and he had a right to protect them, and of this right he had been deprived by the defendants.

The Court sustained the objection on the ground that Mr. Wheeler was not a competent witness as to the laws of a foreign State.

The District-Attorney again remarked that he had abandoned the charge of highway robbery, and that the binding over on that charge was simply ridiculous.

The cross-examination was then resumed.

I first saw Ballard on the boat; the whole affair lasted, I suppose, about three minutes; I first saw him when he threatened to cut my throat; I was provoked at the time, but not excited; I was as cool as I am at this moment; I am sure he had hold on me; he took hold of my arm, evidently supposing I was about to draw a weapon; I had no weapon about me except such as God Almighty gave me—my fists; I did all I could to prevent my property being taken away from me; I laid my hand on the shoulder of the woman and said, "Jane, you know you have children and friends at Washington"; I said this to try and excite sympathy among the person about, to get them to let me alone; all three of my servants made an outcry; I know they halloed murder; I don't know which of them hollored; the mother said she knew where she was going, and she wanted to be let alone; I think she did not go voluntarily; I saw Williamson take hold of her; she has two children in Washington; she has not yet come back; in reply to a question from Williamson, Jane said she wanted to be free, but that she knew where she was going; I had not promised to make her free; when we went to my father-in-law's, the servants went with me; were not separated at any time until they were taken away; I was cautioned by a friend in the cars that I might have trouble with my Abolition friends.

Mr. Price asked that bail in the case be reduced; he considered it exorbitant and oppressive.

The District-Attorney said that highway robbery was impossible under the circumstances, under the law of Pennsylvania, and the charge of inciting to riot was merged in that of riot. He would therefore ask that Ballard be held to answer the charges of assault and battery and riot.

Judge Kelley said the question presented to the judicial mind was simply one of bail. Assault and battery and riot were, unfortunately, very frequent offences in the community, and bail in such cases was rarely fixed heavier than $1,000. In the firemen's riots, the participants were seldom held in a heavier amount of bail than $1,000; and in one case, where the rioters dragged a little arsenal about with them, and had muskets loaded with slugs to within an inch or two of their muzzles, for the purpose of attacking their opponents, the actors were held in $1,000 each. He knew several other serious instances, not necessary to mention, where heavier bail was not required.

The defendants in this case were evidently poor men, and it was not probable that they were very enlightened or deeply skilled in international law, and as to the rights and privileges of Embassadors above other men. The Judge, in conclusion, said he saw nothing in the case to justify the demanding of exorbitant bail, and he would reduce it to $1,000. He would exact good bail.

The case of William Custis was next called. Mr. Wheeler testified that this defendant was one of the men who took hold of him. The bail in this case was also reduced to $1,000.

Capt. Heath, Officer Wallace and Mr. Joseph Mirkle were called and examined as to the share that Braddock, Martin and Moore took in the transaction. From the evidence of these men, it seemed that the boys kicked and cried murder as they were being passed off the boat. The woman, the witness thought, held back and seemed unwilling to go with the crowd to the carriage in waiting on Dock street. All the witnesses agreed that there was no noise of any account, and very little excitement. Capt. Heath said the thing was done quietly and quickly. No one saw the three defendants last named do anything more than accompany the crowd.

District-Attorney Mann said that he had before abandoned the charge of highway robbery, and in the case of these three defendants he could not see that the charge of riot could be sustained. These men were quiet, and it did not appear that they were active in the proceedings.

He thought that another offence had been committed. Three persons had been taken off against their consent, and this was an offence against the law. He would ask that the defendants be held for this. Before a jury they might be able to prove that the persons were held as slaves, and the latter might even be brought forward to prove that they desired their liberty. For all the Court knew, there may have been a great outrage committed upon the persons. He would ask that the defendants be held to answer the charge of conspiracy, assault and battery, or for such charge as the Attorney-General might send up against them.

Mr. Pierce said the Commonwealth had abandoned all its old issues. He contended that there was nothing whatever proven against these three defendants. There was no disturbance; nobody had been abducted; there was no outcry; no resistance. The holding back of the woman as she was hurried along the wharf had been tortured into resistance, but it seems to have been merely the natural position into which she would fall when urged forward, by those who were about her, faster than her usual gait.

The woman was going from a state of illegal custody to freedom, and there was no evidence of unwillingness on her part. The District-Attorney had no right to charge persons with abduction who were merely accompanying the woman and her children. If they desired to return to Mr. Wheeler they would come back.

Judge Kelley said there were two questions involved; the first was, whether there had been a riot, or a confederation to do an unlawful act, and if so, were the three defendants a part of the confederacy? He thought there had perhaps been a riot, for the witnesses had testified to a crowd and to loud cries; the evidence was probably sufficient to authorize the District-Attorney to ask for a committal for riot, but he was unable to say whether it would be sufficient to convict before a jury. He thought it, however, a subject for a jury to pass upon, and he would hold the defendants in $500 each to answer such charge as the District-Attorney may bring against them.

OUTRAGEOUS ABUSE OF POWER.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

PHILADELPHIA, Thursday, July 26th, 1855.

The five coloured men charged with helping the late slaves of Mr. Minister Wheeler to freedom were arrested on Thursday afternoon. They were taken before a certain Alderman Freeman of this city, and, for a further hearing before him, committed to the Cherry street Station-House for 24 hours. All five, viz., Moore, Braddock, Martin, Custis and Ballard, although the heat was sweltering and insufferable, were locked up together in a small and hot cell. They were allowed no supper and no breakfast, nor did they get a bite of dinner, until they begged their keeper, for the love of God, to appease their distressing hunger. They were refused all communication with their families and friends, or with legal counsel. On the afternoon of Friday, they were again brought before Alderman Freeman. He is a State officer, and they were charged with offences against the State, yet the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania was represented by Mr. United States District-Attorney Vandyke and David Webster, Esq. The coloured prisoners were not allowed to procure counsel; the Alderman would not give them time for this purpose, no officer would go for them to obtain any, and the counsel for the prosecution objected to it.

Mr. Wheeler, of course, was the principal witness against the prisoners. One of them, Custis, undertook to cross-examine a little. His questions were respectful and even quite humble in tone and manner, yet the lordly counsel for the prosecution chid him for daring to ask any questions of Mr. Wheeler!

The prisoners wanted witnesses brought in their behalf; they offered to show by positive testimony that they had committed no breach of the peace whatever, and that the woman was willing to go. This was peremptorily refused them.

To crown all, Alderman Freeman orders them to answer at Court the charge of assault and battery, inciting to riot, and—incredible as it may seem—highway robbery! One hardly knows whether to be indignant at the servility of this decision or to laugh at its exquisite absurdity. "Squire" Freeman, in trying to ape Jeffreys, simply outdoes Dogberry.

But this did not exhaust the barbarian spite against the coloured prisoners. The counsel for the prosecution demanded that the bail should be put so high as to insure their going to prison. Of course, the Alderman complied, and ordered them to find bail in $5,000 and $7,000. He even spoke of $9,000! And all this although he held Mr. Williamson, the white confederate of these coloured prisoners (as is alleged by the prosecution), in only $2,000.

District-Attorney Vandyke and Mr. Webster showed *herculean* energy in running down and shutting up these poor friendless negroes. And no wonder—for the one is the servitor of the meanest Administration, Tyler's hardly excepted, that ever trifled with the sentiments and decencies of a great people, and the other is an applicant for and recipient of the favours of its new Court of Claims. But think of these *lawyers* (for the Alderman is one too) distorting a generous attempt to confer freedom upon a woman and her children, already free in law, by her late master's act, into a highway robbery! We have Fouquier Tinvilles in this most imperfect and unfinished republic.

A fatality attends the District-Attorneys here. Ashmead, Fillmore's man, stultified himself by imitating old Kelynge, and making treason out of a mere fight. Vandyke has descended from treason to robbery, but even in this has contrived to make himself ridiculous.

As for the Alderman, he will be more especially attended to when he is sued and indicted for the high misdemeanour of willfully, maliciously and oppressively demanding excessive bail. How it disgraces the Administration of Justice that a petty squireling should prostitute his office and its power into a means of indulging a barbarian prejudice against negroes and Abolitionists. And yet the brutal ignorance and antipathies that disfigure so large a part of our society here applaud this man Freeman! Well, we are ashamed of the barbarities of our semi-civilized ancestors; it is certain that our posterity will be ashamed of this generation. R. R.

FREEDOM IN TEXAS.—We have frequently mentioned the able and independent conduct of the German paper, the *Zeitung*, published at San Antonia, in Texas, and especially its bold and argumentative opposition to slavery as fatal to the progress and growth of Texas. The following paragraph from the Austin *State Gazette* shows the freedom of discussion which there prevails, and the manner in which the arguments of the *Zeitung* are met:

"This Free Soil organ has a column and a quarter dedicated to the *Gazette*. It is the first and we trust the last time that we shall find this incendiary print upon our table. In Louisiana it would come within the range of the statutes which provide for imprisonment for life, or the *infliction of the penalty of death*, upon any person who shall 'publish or distribute' such works. He intimates that all the Germans in Texas are as bitterly opposed to negro slavery as he is, and he has the impudence to defy us 'to strike at the root of the matter'—these are his words—'unless we stop the immigration of Germans.' It certainly becomes the Germans to disavow this organ. If we could believe his assertions to be true, *we could not allow a German to tread our soil*. This beautiful and lovely country, intended by its products of cotton to be the home of millions of our Southern sons, and by its position and resources capable of wielding the sceptre of political and commercial power in the South, is too precious a heritage to be despoiled at this time by Abolitionists, and that incendiary hand, too, to come from foreigners to whom we have tendered the rights of American citizens! We hope to see the law of Louisiana reenacted in Texas and carried into execution."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1855.

THE FIRST OF AUGUST.

IT is lucky for the Abolitionists that the First of August should come so soon after the Fourth of July. Stunned by the noise and disgusted by the cant of that sham feast-day of a bastard Liberty, it is comforting and encouraging to be reminded that there was once a genuine birth-day of Freedom, free from hypocrisies and full only of blessings. It is an Anniversary that it is well to keep, for the hope it inspires and for the instruction it gives. It teaches us that the most impossible things come to pass, and by means that seem to be the weakest and the least hopeful. It is now just twenty-one years since this great Act of Justice was completed, and the British Nation made satisfaction for many years of oppression by one holy day of deliverance. Five years before that time, how unlikely did any such event appear. The Emancipation of our own slaves seems hardly a more remote probability than did that of the British bondmen look then. Nay, the very year before the Act was passed was the year of South Carolina Nullification, the main stay of which, in the last resort, was the confident hope of the support of Great Britain. The idea that a nation possessed of such a treasure as Eight Hundred Thousand Slaves should throw it away on a simple scruple of justice was a thing that had not entered into the mind of Calhoun or McDuffie to conceive. And that act of fanaticism has plainly taken what heart there was in that demonstration out of it. And at that time there was evidently some sincerity in the Disunionists of South Carolina. But it lived only in the certain hope of British support, and it died out when that hope was so cruelly disappointed, and has since haunted the vicinage only as a gibbering ghost, an unreal bodiless phantom.

In 1830 the slaveholders of Jamaica seemed to grasp the slave-whip with as sure a hold as our patriarchs do now; and yet, in three short years it was wrested from them and broken forever. And it was done by the operation of the very same influences which the Abolitionists invoke in behalf of the American Slaves. It was by the foolishness of preaching—by the force of appeals to the hearts and consciences of the people—by arousing a sense of the personal responsibility of every Englishman in the guilt of Slavery—that the tide of public sentiment was made to swell so high and so strong as to sweep it utterly away. It is true that Slavery was not incorporated with the political institutions of the British Empire as it is with ours. The conflict of the British Abolitionists was, comparatively, an easy one. They had only to compel an act of legislation from a reluctant Ministry and Parliament, while we have to bring the People up to the point of resolving on revolution. For the Abolition of our Slavery can only be brought about by Revolution or the fear of it. A movement for the abolition of the Throne, or of the hereditary principle of the peerage, would be more analogous to ours against Slavery than the English to the American Abolition Movement. But it is in this way that all great fundamental changes are brought about. Institutions are but the projections of Ideas—Opinions made flesh and clothed with life. When the Ideas and Opinions are changed, the Institutions obey the law which compels the shadow to conform itself to the shape of the substance. We have a greater task to do than that required of the British Abolitionists. But the tools and the materials are the same. It will take a longer time to work them up and produce the same beautiful and useful result; but it will be the fault of our own negligence and unskill if we do not succeed at last.

We have to thank the First of August and the Ideas for which it stands for the ready answer afforded us to the objections of the timid good to Immediate Emancipation. The bold bad, indeed, cannot be expected to receive instruction which they abhor from examples they detest. But, in spite of all the efforts to make the negroes of Jamaica responsible for the ruin brought on the planters by the extravagance and improvidence of generations, which even the Compensation could only delay, and which must have come, in the due course of political economy, quite as soon had Slavery been continued, in spite of all this, unprejudiced minds must see that the worst evils the wise and prudent apprehend from Justice did not flow from this act of it. The worst that has befallen, the New Orleans and Charleston papers being witnesses (and it is through them that nearly all we hear from the West Indies comes), is, that as much sugar is not raised and exported as in the old Slave days. There is no pretence that the old masters have ever been chastised by their former slaves; no violent changes in property have taken place; no blood has been shed; no conflagrations have lighted up the midnight skies; life and property were never so safe and crimes against the person were never so rare as since the Emancipation. And this in Jamaica, the only island of which we ever hear through the *Journals of Commerce* and *Daily Advertisers*. The happy silence which broods over the other islands of that lovely Archipelago tells too plainly that there is nothing but good to be told of them. And even the fiercest of the malcontents of Jamaica never complain of Emancipation as the source of their woes, but of Home Legislation, which admits the slave-grown sugar of Cuba and Brazil to an open market with themselves.

Even the errors and mistakes attending this great action are pregnant with instruction. The examples by which Philosophy teaches mankind are more often the things they are to avoid than those they are to imitate. The idea that Compensation was to be made to the slaveholders for the taking away from them of their unjust dominion over men as good as themselves—that they were to be paid for the privation of a power they never had a right to possess—this was one of the fallacies exploded by the working of the Emancipation. It was, in effect, paying men for enhancing the value of their estates, taking away the knife from their throats, giving them leave to eat their meal in peace and to sleep without the haunting fear of a slave insurrection—it was for giving them peace, safety and prosperity that the planters were paid a Hundred Millions of Dollars by the over-taxed masses of England. The only exceptions to the truth of this statement, and those only apparent, were to be found in the bankrupts whose proportion of the prize-money was intercepted by their creditors, and who were doomed to ruin in any event. And the strange fear of the dangers attending doing right, which led to the yet greater blunder of the Apprenticeship, we hope may have been put to flight by the signal failure of that attempt to prolong Slavery under a softer name. This experiment was tried in every shape, from the liberal spirit of Antigua, which rejected it altogether, to the grasping malignity of Jamaica, which tried to hold on to the heart-strings of its victims, but found it an unpopular thing. In every way was the demonstration made certain that it is safe to do right and prudent to perform justice, that Freedom is no malignant disease with which men must be inoculated in order to survive, but that the only wise and just policy is Immediate Emancipation, without Apprenticeship or Compensation.

This great Anniversary is one that has no drawback in the purity of its joys. It is stained with no blood and puffed up with no vain-glorious spirit of triumph. Mother-country and daughter-country can meet here on a common ground of rejoicing and congratulation—at least, the daughter might, were she worthy to enter her mother's presence on such a day. It is the proudest day in English history, though the English themselves do not yet perceive that it is such. Nobler than all her trophies of successful battle, than all her broad conquests and subjected nations, than all the glories of Crecy, of Blenheim and of Waterloo, is the memory of that great victory over herself, of that triumph of justice over selfish interests, of which the First of August is the remembrancer. The Abolitionists, the only inhabitants of this land worthy to celebrate it, do well to hold a solemn rejoicing on that day. We hope that the Celebrations this year, at Jamaica, at Hopedale, at Abington, wherever it may be that they have been held, will have been thronged as they have never been before. Mr. Garrison here, Mr. Ballou at Hopedale, Mr. Phillips at Abington, with many other true hearts and eloquent voices, well have told the tale and pointed the moral of this truly glorious Anniversary. It is not often that the Abolitionists are called to rejoice with those that do rejoice. Of course, they will have been eager to embrace the rare opportunity. And from this joyful sympathy with those whose chains were broken on that day, we are sure they will have felt their sympathy with their countrymen yet in bonds grow warmer and stronger and the more eager to find relief in true words and earnest deeds.

THE OTHER SIDE.

WE had the pleasure of being present, on Tuesday last, at the office of Hon. E. D. Culver, of Brooklyn, when a statement was made by Jane Johnson, the coloured woman who, with her children, parted company at Philadelphia, a few days since, with the Hon. Mr. Wheeler, of North Carolina, Minister to Nicaragua. That statement will be found below in an affidavit, though losing, of course, something of the force with which it fell, in unstudied but perfectly clear terms, from her own lips. The object of making the affidavit is stated in the instrument itself; but it may be further added, that it was made in this State because Jane was advised by judicious friends that it might not be safe for her to do so in Pennsylvania, and that here she could appear publicly, and speak without fear of restraint. It was also thought best by her friends that this statement should be made where its credibility could be vouched for by a free and influential press, and thus the true facts in this remarkable case be spread far and wide throughout the land. Accordingly, the editors of several of the leading New York papers were present, by invitation, at the interview between Judge Culver and Jane, and had the opportunity of listening not only to his careful and thorough cross-examination of the deponent, but of making any inquiries which might suggest themselves to test and elucidate the truth of her story. The editors of the *Tribune*, *Post* and *Times* have borne their testimony as to the impression which this simple statement of facts made upon their minds.

The careful reader of this affidavit of Mrs. Johnson will observe that the aspect of the affair which has been given it by the Philadelphia press, and by the *ex parte* and incomplete examination before Judge Kane, is entirely changed by her own statement. Instead of a forcible abduction, instituted and accomplished by Mr. Williamson and others, as it has been made to appear, and as a large portion, perhaps, of the public believe, it seems that Mrs. Johnson was anxious and determined, from the time she left Washington, to escape from Mr. Wheeler, if possible; and though she had little hope of accomplishing it in Pennsylvania, believing, as she stated in conversation, that the laws of that State were against the slave, she trusted that an opportunity would offer itself in New York. Still, the first moment she found herself free from his surveillance, she appealed for aid to the coloured servants at Bloodgood's Hotel, and through them the information reached the Anti-Slavery Office, and from that was carried to Mr. Williamson, the Secretary of the old Pennsylvania Abolition Society, that certain persons held as slaves, but desirous of freedom, were then at Bloodgood's. The rest of the story is told in the evidence of the trial before Judge Kane, and in the letters of our Philadelphia Correspondents. Outrageous and high-handed as the proceedings against Williamson and others are, in any view of the case, their iniquity and defiance of all law and all justice is aggravated ten-fold by this unquestionable evidence of Mrs. Johnson herself, that it was, in reality, her act primarily and not theirs which issued in her freedom.

STATE OF NEW YORK, CITY AND COUNTY OF NEW YORK.

JANE JOHNSON, being sworn, makes oath and says:

My name is Jane—Jane Johnson. I was the slave of Mr. Wheeler, of Washington. He bought me and my two children, about two years ago, of Mr. Cornelius Crew, of Richmond, Va. My youngest child is between six and seven years old, the other between ten and eleven. I have one other child only, and he is in Richmond. I have not seen him for about two years; never expected to see him again. Mr. Wheeler brought me and my two children to Philadelphia, on the way to Nicaragua, to wait on his wife. I didn't want to go without my two children, and he consented to take them. We came to Philadelphia by the cars; stopped at Mr. Sully's, Mr. Wheeler's father-in-law, a few moments; then went to the steamboat for New York at 2 o'clock, but were too late. We went into Bloodgood's Hotel. Mr. Wheeler went to dinner. Mr. Wheeler had told me in Washington to have nothing to say to coloured persons, and, if any of them spoke to me, to say I was a free woman travelling with a minister. We staid at Bloodgood's till 5 o'clock. Mr. Wheeler kept his eye upon me all the time except when he was at dinner. He left his dinner to come and see if I was safe, and then went back again. While he was at dinner, I saw a coloured woman and told her I was a slave-woman; that my master had told me not to speak to coloured people, and that if any of them spoke to me to say that I was free. But I am not free. But I want to be free. She said, "Poor thing, I pity you." After that, I saw a coloured man and said the same thing to him. He said he would telegraph to New York, and two men would meet me at 9 o'clock, and take me with them. After that, we went on board the boat. Mr. Wheeler sat beside me on the deck. I saw a coloured gentleman come on board; he beckoned to me. I nodded my head, and could not go. Mr. Wheeler was beside me and I was afraid. A white gentleman then came and said to Mr. Wheeler, "I want to speak to your servant, and tell her of her rights." Mr. Wheeler rose and said, "If you have anything to say, say it to me: she knows her rights." The white gentleman asked me if I wanted to be free. I said, "I do, but I belong to this gentleman and I can't have it." He replied, "Yes, you can—come with us; you are as free as your master—if you want your freedom, come now. If you go back to Washington, you may never get it." I rose to go. Mr. Wheeler spoke, and said, "I will give you your freedom." But he had never promised it before, and I knew he never would give it to me. The white gentleman held out his hand and I went toward him. I was ready for the word before it was given me. I took the children by the hands, who both cried, for they were frightened. But both stopped when they got on shore. A coloured man carried the little one; I led the other by the hand. We walked down the street till we got to a hack. Nobody forced me away. Nobody pulled me, and nobody led me. I went away of my own free will. I always wished to be free and meant to be free when I came North. I hardly expected it in Philadelphia, but I thought I should get free in New York. I have been comfortable and happy since I left Mr. Wheeler, and so are the children. I don't want to go back, I could have gone in Philadelphia if I had wanted to. I could go now; but had rather die than go back.

I wish to make this statement before a magistrate, because I understand that Mr. Williamson is in prison on my account, and I hope that the truth may be of benefit to him

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CLXII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent confirmeth the tale of Mr. Eliot's Degree.—He farther quoteth Madam Rumour, but voucheth not for her—He is in at the death—And speaketh evil of Thermometers—He speaketh of Mr. Ward Beecher's Oration and of its sub-phlegmatic tendencies—He declineth speaking of it—Yet he doth—He criticiseth it and showeth wherein it fell short of those of old time—Which be characteristick pharmacopœially—And blasphemeth—He telleth a dreadful rumour concerning Mrs. Stowe—He inspecteth bonnets in vain—He giveth her a word of caution—He hieth at the Donner—And rejoiceth at what was not there—He remindeth the editors of the Military glories of last Summer—And of Mr. Charles F. Adams's attack thereon—He continueth the history—He magnifieth General Edmands—He glorifieth his followers—He telleth of their storming of Mr. Adams's lines—He congratulateth the General on their success—He reciteth the battle of the Black-legs—He praiseth the precautions of the General—And lamenteth their effects—He wishes to descend to humble themes—But the Muse forbiddeth—He quoteth Virgil and Cicero—But interpreteth for the benefit of the unlearned—And extendeth a hope for the future, &c., &c., &c.

BOSTON, July 30, 1855.

I BELIEVE there is no doubt of the truth of the report I told you of in my last letter as to the *stopper* put by the Overseers upon Mr. Eliot's degree. Mrs. Rumour goes on to say that the rejection was by the very emphatic vote of *fourteen* to *four*. She adds that there was an attempt to reconsider the vote at the Meeting of the Overseers which is always held on the morning of Commencement Day. I do not vouch for this, as she is a notorious and inveterate gossip; but if it were tried, the experiment failed, for no degree was given to him. I took care to be in at the death on that day, so as to have the evidence, negative or positive, of my own senses on the subject. But the President gave no sign in his favour when the Honorary Degrees were announced. It was pretty near being in at the death, in more senses than one, to be there that day. For the heat was not merely great—it was immense, enormous. I have no doubt the mercury ran out at the top of the very longest thermometer; but I can't say, as I kept away from any such instrument of torture, for fear of aggravating the horrors of the day. The effect of the heat was very perceptible in the diminished numbers in attendance, compared with the crowds of former years. Every year brings new proof of the mistake committed in changing the time of holding Commencement from the end of August to the middle of July. It makes all the difference between brilliancy and dullness.

The next day, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered the Oration before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa. The day was as intemperately hot as its predecessor, but it could not hinder the Church from being filled as full as it could possibly be, and that from an early hour, with eager listeners. It was a new proof of the power of mind over matter. At any rate, it was a strong proof of the attractive and the cohesive power of Mr. Beecher's eloquence, which could draw and keep together this great body in spite of the expansive and diffusive tendency of the heat. You have read accounts of his Discourse, doubtless, and, if you have not, I shall not attempt a description of it. It was on the elements of Mirthfulness—its uses and its abuses—and the importance of its proper admixture to make up a sound mental organization. It was not, perhaps, metaphysically profound; but it was, what was better for the occasion, rhetorically excellent, understandable, generally witty and eloquent in passages. I don't think anybody was *bored*, which is a bold thing to say about a Literary Oration. Though, to be sure, this was wanting in many requisites as essential to such a composition as those in the *recipe* in my last to the concoction of a Fourth of July Oration. The Society was not addressed as "the Educated Men of our Country." They were not reminded of the awful responsibility that rested on their shoulders, especially for rolling back the tide of fanaticism. And they were not even once exhorted to stand by the Constitution and the Union. It was entirely deficient in what might be styled the *emetic* or *ipecacuanhic* properties of a Literary Oration. These performances are entirely foreign to the genius of the American people, and nine out of ten of them are mere Fourth of July Orations, or else Sermons, in masquerade, according as the performer is a lawyer or a minister. This, however, was neither the one nor the other, and, had it not been for a confession of the fact towards the end, a stranger might have been perplexed to know what Mr. Beecher's trade was.

There was a dreadful rumour rife the next day, that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was present with a coloured woman seated between herself and her daughter. I did not see them, though I examined all the bonnets within my eye-shot, with the attention the subject demanded. Perhaps my instincts stood me in stead and saved my sensibilities from so revolting a spectacle. It was said that the lady was Mrs. Webb, known as the Black Siddons; but I am not aware that this fact would alter the character of the atrocity. These sort of extravagances may do well enough in the polluted atmosphere of aristocratic England, but I would give Mrs. Stowe warning that they cannot be permitted to flourish in our purer air.

The dinner, after the performances, went off extremely well. It is not considered canonical to tell of what passes at those *symposia*; but I think Mr. Beecher must have been satisfied that the faculty of Mirthfulness had not been altogether neglected by those that sat at meat with him around that board. One thing I will say as to what was *not* there. The change in the time of holding these Anniversaries, with much evil, is attended with this incidental good: We are saved from being overlaid by little great men, whom nobody had ever heard of, whom the Sovereign People in remote districts, for some inscrutable reason, have sent to Congress (probably to rid the neighbourhood of them for a season), and whom the President always feels bound to let loose on the wretched audience to worry them at their discretion. The season of the year happily delivers us from these pests of society, for which we remain its humble debtor and will allow thus much to be passed to the *per contra* side of the account.

I believe I told you, a year ago, of the Military (or *Military*) Occupation of Mount Wollaston, a farm of the Hon. Charles Francis Adams, in Quincy, by Dr. Smith's Apothecary, under the *alias* of Major General Edmands. Also how Mr. Adams had the audacity to sue that gallant pharmacopolist for heavy damages, in an action of trespass. Not satisfied with this outrage, he appeared before the Military Committee of the Legislature, last winter, and urged the repeal of the law whereby our brave defenders are allowed to take possession of any country-town they fancy, and overrun it with the dregs and off-scouring of the City which has a natural and necessary affinity for a Camp. Mr. Adams even affirmed that there was not a poultry-yard or a pig-sty within three miles that had not been laid under contribution by these votaries of glory. By way of being even with this blasphemer, as it is thought, our General again selected Quincy as the scene of this year's campaign, and he pitched his tents as near the land of the evil-speaker as he could. It is affirmed, moreover, that that brave officer actually ventured to ask Mr. Adams for his consent to use Mount Wollaston again, this year! Certainly, none of his enemies can ever deny the General's command of countenance, presence of mind or personal courage, after this. The General came out into Quincy at the head of his command, and it might be said of him as it was of another personage, on a White Horse, in the Revelations, that "Hell followed after him." For never before was there seen such a horde of gamblers, thimble-riggers, prostitutes, pickpockets, bullies, blacklegs and blackguards of all descriptions, that go to make up the following of a Camp. And to their tender mercies was the town delivered up for three days. But you will be glad to hear that Mr. Adams did not go unwhipped of Justice for his malfeasances. These followers of our General, remembering Falstaff's encouragement as to his, that they would "find linen enough on every hedge," stripped the clothes-lines behind Mr. Adams's house of all the linen which his too confiding laundry-maid had left exposed, and carried it off in triumph as *Spolia Opima*, or the spoils of the commander of the enemy. It would have served him right if they had not left him a shirt to his back. And thus was General Edmands avenged.

But it was not the foraging parties only whose achievements made this Encampment memorable. The Sims Brigade and the Burns Guard both distinguished themselves by brilliant actions in the field. On one of the days the Select-men of Quincy applied to General Edmands for a force to assist their policemen in dispersing a quantity of citizens of both sexes, engaged in plying trades not countenanced by law. He complied as readily as if it were a slave that was to be carried back. Having detailed a portion of the Burns Guard and, I believe, of some other infantry company, certainly of the Lancers and of the Flying Artillery, he sent them against the foe. First of all, he ordered the Infantry, the Guard and others, to load with ball-cartridge, and the cannon to be shotted, and so they proceeded, horse, foot and artillery, against the army of the aliens. But the enemy were nowise daunted and made a vigorous defence of their encampment. Probably, the very preparations he had ordered to be made crippled his men, as the Charge of Judge Hoar and all the discussions consequent on his Burns Campaign could hardly fail to have driven into the blunderpate even of a Militia Major-General that his Commission as such, no more than his License as an Apothecary, did not authorize him to kill, slay and destroy all and singular anybody that he thought best. He must have learned, I should think, that he must kill in both capacities *secundum artem*, according to rules exactly laid down and defined, and that the state of things contemplated by law as calling for the last argument—the *ultima ratio*—had not arisen. If his mind were incapable of descending from the contemplation of his own grandeur to these refractory facts, it is likely that they were fully present to the minds of those who were appointed to this service, and that certain pendulous possibilities consequent on the accidental pulling of a trigger danced before their eyes and interfered with the discharge of what otherwise would seem to have been no very difficult task. It seems as if this must be the explanation of the fact that a handful of blacklegs and prostitutes could have made so serious a stand against the troops sent against them that it was thought at the time they would have put them to an ignominious flight; and probably would, had it not been for the vigorous seconding of the Quincy police. The combat is described as having been comic in the extreme, and it gave infinite diversion to the crowds of spectators, and the laugh spread over the country-side and to this city, keeping us all in good humour for four and twenty hours together.

There were some other things I wanted to write to you about. Such as Governor Gardner's appointment of Commissioners under the Personal Liberty Bill. Particularly of a Mr. Chapman, of Springfield, who was living in open violation of the Law by retaining a United States Commissionership, and who is believed to have been appointed for the express purpose of enabling him to write an impudent letter refusing it. But I cannot descend from the empyrean height to which the muse has rapt me to any such pedestrian topic. My genius is eminently Epic. *Arma virumque*—Arms and the Man—fill and carry away my soul. *Arma non cedant togæ*—the deeds in arms of a Metropolitan Major-General may not yield precedence to the political pettifoggings of a country lawyer. Or, if you will allow me to quote Cicero again (and this time without improving him), "*silent enim leges inter arma*," which may be freely rendered "when the militia general sports his cocks'-tails, the country lawyer holds his tongue." Perhaps, at some future time, when my muse shall have recovered her equanimity after her present enthusiasm, she may condescend to these meaner things.

D. Y.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, July 30th.

I SAID, in my last, that the case of Passmore Williamson was adjourned till Friday, the 27th inst., at which time Judge Kane was to give his decision in writing. Well, Friday came, and with it the decision; and such a decision! It out-Kaned Kane, leaving even the Treason Charge in the back-ground. There is but one opinion in regard to it among those whom I have heard express themselves on the subject; and that is that it is a mean, pettifogging and mendacious document; a gross perversion of law and facts, to justify a foregone and unworthy purpose. Mr. Williamson had infringed no law, and was liable to no just penalty, and Judge Kane knew this. There were six indictments pending against him, viz., for Assault and Battery, and Riot, and Incitement to Riot, Perjury and Highway Robbery. It was evident, from the facts elicited in the examination, that not one of these charges could be sustained. Mr. Williamson, however, must be punished; and, if possible, he must be compelled to produce, or cause to be produced, either the woman and her sons or their money value. Mr. Wheeler was a personal friend of Judge Kane, and a brother officer under the Federal Government; he was a slaveholder, and an unfortunate slaveholder—one who had been suddenly divested of *valuable* property. True, this property was unnatural, and, in this community, illegitimate; but to the pseudo-judicial and hunker-democratic mind of Judge Kane, it was nevertheless property. His sympathies were moved; for the Judge is a sympathetic man, and has a genial feeling for people of his own kind. The case was a peculiar one; something must be done, and Judge Kane was the man to do it. True, he might give offence to and provoke the hostility of a class with whom he would like to be on good terms; but, then, on the other hand, it would probably please more than it would displease, at least in a certain direction: at Washington it would be regarded with undivided favour, and at the South generally the feeling would be unanimous. And it is from Washington and the South that preferment comes—to the Kane family. Enough; Mr. Williamson must be punished; he must be made to feel the heavy hand of Power. So, there being no better pretext, he is condemned for "contempt," on the allegation of having made a false return, and handed over to Marshal Wynkoop, to be committed to prison, "without bail or mainprize." The Marshal performs his duty, and Mr. Williamson is now in one of the cells of Moyamensing. I paid a visit to him in his narrow chamber on Saturday afternoon, and found him—as those who know him would expect—brave and cheerful. His wife and mother and little boy happened to be there at the same time. With the former it goes pretty hard, she being just now in a situation of such imminent delicacy as to make the absence of her husband a special misfortune; but, on the whole, she bears it very well, and in a way not unbecoming the blood which flows in her veins as the great-grand daughter of the good John Woolman.

Mr. Williamson is as full as could be desired of heart and hope. He inherits from his father an unbending backbone, and he'll "not" where he is before he comes out on the condition of his consenting either to the production of the woman and her children or the payment to the slaveholder of their price.

But to return to the Judge's decision. I am glad that he put it in writing. He has "written himself down"—what he is; and that in characters so legible that the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein.

The document assumes, without proof and against the facts, that the woman was abducted by force and violence. The truth is precisely the contrary; and if Judge Kane will guarantee the woman safety from the underlings of his Court and of the Marshal's Office, she will take the stand and testify that she left her master not only voluntarily, but joyfully; and that, to use her own language, she "would almost rather die than go back."

The Judge pretends that Mr. Williamson's return to the writ is false and evasive. It is neither. It is literally and absolutely true, and is not, either in word or spirit, evasive. It is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

But it is said that Mr. Williamson could, if he had chosen, have ascertained the whereabouts of the woman and her children, and have caused them to be produced. Possibly he could have done this, though it is by no means certain. But there was no obligation resting upon him to do so, and no good reason why he should. To this it is replied that if he and his friends believe, as they declare, that the woman is free by the law of the State, why do they not bring her forward to testify to her voluntariness in leaving her master? The answer is, that while Mr. Williamson and his friends have full confidence in the law, they have none whatever in the Court which, in this case, would be its expounder. They believe that if the woman were produced, the Marshal, under the sanction of Judge Kane, would seize and bind her and hand her over to the tender mercies of her claimant. They have reason for their belief. They know Judge Kane, and they know Marshal Wynkoop; and if anything more were necessary to justify their course, it would be found in this very decision of Judge Kane under consideration. The Judge says he knows "of no statute of Pennsylvania which affects to divest the rights of property of a citizen of North Carolina, acquired and asserted under the laws of that State, because he has found it needful or convenient to pass through the territory of Pennsylvania." Then, the Judge is grossly and censurably ignorant. By the law of 1847, all previously existing statutes authorizing the slaveholder to bring into this State, and keep for a certain length of time, his slaves were repealed; so that now, under the Common Law, every slave brought *voluntarily* by his owner to the State is, *ipso facto*, free. This has been decided more than once, and Judge Kane's ignorance, be it real or affected, though it may suit his purpose, is very little to his credit.

The Judge says he is "not aware that any such statute, if such an one were shown, could be *recognised as valid* in a *Court of the United States*."

There it is; law or no law, Mr. Williamson was doomed, and, under the pretext of unconstitutionality, the law of the State was to be overridden, and the woman and her children were to be given up. For this was and is still the main object of the prosecution; it is to get back, and deliver up to this man Wheeler, the people whom he claims as his slaves, but who have been made free by the operation of laws of this Commonwealth. Judge Kane, though on the bench, is the main party to the prosecution. He took the lead in the first hearing, and suggested to the counsel for the slaveholder an indictment for perjury, and offered in advance to bind him over to answer that charge. It was at his instance the high bail was demanded by Alderman Freeman. This the Alderman has distinctly stated. When asked why he demanded such excessive bail, he answered that he was "acting under the direction of Judge Kane."

The Judge has a rhetorical flourish about the *Habeas Corpus* being "the great remedial process by which liberty is vindicated and restored." And yet, this "remedial process" he himself undertakes to degrade by perverting it to the uses of slave-catching. He has it served upon a Quaker's son, and seeks by it to compel him to turn slave-hunter, and to produce these escaped victims where the myrmidons of his power can seize, fetter and send them back to bondage. To talk about the "remedial" process of the Habeas Corpus, after having attempted to use this process for such base purposes, is preposterous to the last degree.

I omitted to remark in the proper place on the assumption of the Judge that Mr. Wheeler and his people were travelling across the State "upon the navigable waters of the United States." This was a mere assumption, unsustained by facts, and resorted to as a pretext for denying the right of the woman to her freedom. Wheeler never travelled an inch with his servant through Pennsylvania on the navigable waters of the United States. He crossed the State from the Delaware line to the City of Philadelphia by railroad, and the assumption that he came in any other way is a mere pretence, and a contemptible evasion, of which even Judge Kane ought to be ashamed.

There are other points in this document equally open to comment, but your readers will see them for themselves.

And yet this absurd, sophistical, mendacious document furnishes the ground on which a respectable citizen is sent to prison. Mr. Williamson informs a woman of her right to liberty, and refuses, at the command of Judge Kane, to help "catch" her and bring her where she can be manacled; and for this, on the allegation of "contempt," he is sent to prison, to be kept there at the discretion of the petty despot who sent him.

Will the people of Pennsylvania quietly submit to this? Will they let the North Carolina slaveholder flaunt his human property in their faces, and be obeyed when he demands that their laws shall be set aside for his especial convenience and benefit? Are the citizens of Pennsylvania to exercise their right to speak and act in favour of Law and Liberty only at the discretion of a pseudo-democrat who may happen to hold the office of United States Judge? Will not some step be taken, on the part of our State Courts, to vindicate the laws of the Commonwealth and the rights of its citizens against such acts as these of Federal usurpation? We shall see. It is possible for the slaveholder and his minions to carry their insolence to a point which even Pennsylvania long-suffering will not submit to. One would suppose that this might be a case of the kind; "but Issachar is a strong ass"—and Pennsylvania can support the weight of even a double burden of infamy.

This man Wheeler is a low fellow, and a Filibuster beside; one of the Walker and Kinney stamp, and, if I am not mistaken, will prove to be involved in the scheme of these two worthies to revolutionize and establish slavery in the State of Nicaragua. You will see by recent letters from Grenada that one *Jules Brissot* was second in command in the Walker expedition, and that he was killed in the late battle in which the Walker party were so ignominiously defeated. This Brissot entered Grenada under the flag of the United States and in the suite of Minister Wheeler, and is known to have stood in such relation to Wheeler, on the one hand, and Walker on the other, as to warrant the belief that they were all in the conspiracy together.

You will have seen that the five coloured men were brought up before Judge Kelley, on Saturday, and had their bail reduced. They are now out on security.

PHILADELPHIA, July 30th, 1855

MESSRS. EDITORS: Since my last letter, complaining of the comatose condition of our city in almost every phase of society, we have been visited with a little *burry-Kane* on the Slavery question, which had its vortex in our midst and proved of sufficient importance to call our attention from the diabolism in course of preparation in Kansas. THE STANDARD of last week contains the facts of the *Wheeler vs. Williamson* case, and it only remains to be said that Judge Kane has fully sustained his antecedents and rendered himself worthy of the station of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court for the maintainance of slavery in these United States. Should a vacancy occur during the Administration of Mr. Pierce, his merits will, doubtless, receive their reward, inasmuch as he so far exceeds the "unrighteous judges" of old, that he never has been known to give judgment in favour of the oppressed slaves from fear of being "wearied by their importunities" or any other cause. Moreover, his legal knowledge is confined exclusively to that which protects *slavery*, and is entirely deficient upon the "Common Law" of freedom.

You are aware, doubtless, that, on the hearing of the case, on Friday last, to which period he had adjourned the delivery of his decision or judgment, he ordered Mr. Williamson into the custody of the Marshal, to be imprisoned for "contempt of Court," and the order was forthwith executed by his incarceration in Moyamensing Prison. Among many equally cogent reasons for such a procedure, he gives the following: "I know of no statute of Pennsylvania which affects to divest the rights of property of a citizen of North Carolina, acquired and asserted under the laws of that State, because he has found it needful or convenient to pass through the territory of Pennsylvania." "I am not aware that any such statute, if such an one were shown, could be recognised as valid in a Court of the United States." Here we have the bold, open, unequivocal avowal, from no less an authority than a District Judge of the United States, that *slaves* brought into Pennsylvania by their masters are still taken and deemed to be *property*, in defiance of the Common Law and our State Code—and yet the taking away of this property is not pursued as a highway robbery, for that charge even the infamous Vandyke shrunk from attempting to sustain, although his inveterate malignity against the defendant, or his devotion to the Slave Power, led to the binding him over on that charge, through that other supserviceable tool of slavery, Alderman Freeman, who is more worthy of a "driver's" station on a plantation than of the office he now, to his own disgrace and that of his fellow-citizens, holds. This "property," which the laws of our own State, and all that should be regarded as *law* in any State, declare to be *persons* and not property, is admitted to be such by Judge Kane himself in making it the subject of the writ of habeas corpus.

But it is useless further to pursue the subject of the judicial ignorance or dishonesty which condemns Mr. Williamson to prison, under an order from which there is no appeal, except to the despotic tribunal from which the wrong proceeds. His counsel will doubtless do all that legal effort and acumen can do to relieve him from the persecution which a devotion to duty in the cause of humanity has brought down upon him, with a virulence that might cause all Pandemonium to rejoice in having such able coadjutors among men as the spirits which govern and control the *Pennsylvanian* and kindred prints, as well as Mr. Vandyke, Mr. Wheeler, and their tools, even down to Alderman Freeman. This last named "honourable," who, perhaps, hopes for a mission to Nicaragua, or some equally important embassy, for himself, at no distant day, had the shameless cruelty to demand bail to the amount of $7,000 dollars from the humane coloured men who assisted Jane and her children to secure their liberty. He could gratify his petty spleen, as well as conciliate the Slave Power, by sending them to prison, if only for a few days, before the writ of habeas corpus, from more worthy hands than Judge Kane, could bring them before a *State* tribunal and *there* require the accusers to show cause why they should be held to bail in *any* sum whatever. This took place on Saturday last, before Judge Kelly, who, after a full hearing of the case, much to the annoyance and grief of the slaveholder's *posse*, gave his opinion that the case *might* properly come before a jury, but required no extraordinary amount of bail; and proceeded to reduce the surety required by the Alderman aforesaid from $7,000 to $1,000 for Ballard and Custis, and for the others from $5,000 to $500, which was given, and probably there the prosecution will end, for if the vultures do not already perceive that their prey is not attainable without "scaith," they will probably become more enlightened in process of time.

To the credit of the *Sunday Dispatch*, it does not permit its ideas of unrestricted liberty to be confined to the purchase and sale of alcohol, but boldly takes a stand in behalf of State rights, which it considers invaded by the action of Judge Kane; showing, in very clear terms, from the highest law authority, that no "contempt of Court" existed in the case; and that, if guilty of "misdemeanour," Mr. Williamson is entitled to a jury trial.

Much as we may regret the martyrdom which Mr. Williamson must undergo in the cell of Moyamensing Prison, good will doubtless grow out of this fresh evidence of the determination of the United States Court to sustain slavery in the free States, and he will have that advantage over his enemies which a good conscience and honest purpose brings, whereby a gloomy prison will afford serener slumber than official gulle can hope to attain even when surrounded by that liberty which it denies to others. Contempt of Court!! What else than contempt for such a Court must the general feeling soon be, when its officers show such readiness to trample on State rights and individual liberty.

Rev. J. P. Durbin, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has published his sentiments or views upon the question, "*How should the Church of God treat the institution of Slavery, as it is found to exist in these United States?*" His propositions all partake of the temporizing, compromising character, yet they serve to show that the Church feels the outside pressure upon it in consequence of its connection with this iniquity, and is *compelled to speak—to apologize* and *to propose amendment*. If the Methodist Church could be *Christianized*, we might indeed hope for the early abolition of slavery throughout our land, for what other Church could then hold back? But it will require other measures and greater earnestness, if not other men than Dr. Durbin, with his tender rebuke of a giant sin, to accomplish this victory over the Arch Fiend.

Our politicians are in a sad quandary. The *American Council* for the State having repudiated the "platform" of the *National* Council by throwing out the plank which Slavery had inserted, the Council for this City undertook to repudiate the action of the *State* Council. Here is "a house divided against itself," and the predicted fate of such will not be long in visiting it, unless a speedy reformation take place in our City organization; for the salt which gave it its savour, it is sure to lose before another election if it chains itself to the slaveholders' car.

The Whigs are attempting a reorganization of their effete party and exploded ideas—worshiping the shade of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, but it is *too late*; before the rising sun of Freedom all such shadows must retire to their appointed place. Political parties are like certain animals, which, though cut into fragments, any particle not entirely destroyed may still become the perfect animal. The *Democracy* are in no better condition, the Temperance question having taken nearly all the cream off the party, whilst the Kansas outrages and the Slavery question in general are making sad inroads upon the party by fixing the stigma indelibly upon it of being the enemy of political as well as personal liberty; though it trumpets forth continually its devotion to the Constitution and to religious freedom, even the blind may see that this cry is all a hollow pretence. We shall see what will come of it.

There is not much said or done, during this hot weather, on the subject of Temperance, though the public mind, I think, is settling down to the conclusion that, after the first day of October, our retail grog-shops must close. Many are preparing for the event by "selling out," and hotels are being changed into stores or boarding-houses, in anticipation of the event. The poison-venders, it is said, "die hard," but have, nevertheless, generally made up their minds, like pious Musselmen, that it is their destiny, and that it is hopeless to contend against their fate. May they find success in some better and more honourable employment.

NEMO.

THE following is a sketch of a conversation, which took place on Sunday last, in a drug-store in Philadelphia. A young friend of ours, J. G. T., was reading aloud an article on the Wheeler slave case in the *Sunday Dispatch*. A number of young men were standing by, and near them was Mr. Wheeler drinking a glass of soda-water:

Wheeler—My young friend, I am Col. John H. Wheeler; I am the man whose slaves were stolen.

J. G. T.—I know you are, sir; though I was not aware you were present.

Wheeler—Is it possible that you sympathize with that damned Abolitionist, Passmore Williamson?

J. G. T.—Certainly, sir. All my sympathies are with him.

Wheeler—You think he did right then in assaulting me and threatening to cut my throat and stealing my people.

J. G. T.—I do not think your throat should be cut, but he did no more than his duty in taking the people. He acted from the best of motives.

Wheeler—What motives could he have for taking my slaves? I wa'n't disturbing anybody. I was simply passing through on my mission. I am Minister at Nicaragua. I was taking them to wait on my wife. I own the woman's children and all her relations are in Washington.

J. G. T.—But they were not your slaves. Judge Kelly decided that last night.

Wheeler—Judge Kelly be damned; he is an Abolitionist. The Constitution of the United States recognises my right to them.

J. G. T.—I do not think it does.

Wheeler—Why, don't it say that fugitive niggers shall be sent back?

J. G. T.—Yes—and it is an infamous thing that it does say so. I, for one, would obey no such enactment.

Wheeler—Then, you are a traitor, sir—a God damned traitor—and you ought to be taken out of here and hung upon the first lamp-post.

J. G. T.—I am glad you are not my Judge, sir.

Wheeler—By God, you will be yet. You ought to be down in prison with that damned Williamson. May be it will teach him not to meddle in what don't belong to him.

J. G. T.—May be it will make a thousand Abolitionists, ready and willing to do as he did. As for me, it would be the proudest period of my life if I were in his place.

Wheeler—Well, you'll be there one day. You Abolitionists have got to be put down. If I had had a revolver, Passmore Williamson would not be where he is now; I would have put a bullet through his head. Unless Philadelphia acquits herself, Southerners will not come here; and Southern trade is worth a million dollars a year to Philadelphia.

J. G. T.—I hope we hold our principles higher than dollars and cents. I don't think the whole South could buy a true freeman.

Wheeler—My! if I was to act as you Abolitionists, when a man came to me in my official capacity, I would ask him if he came from the free States, and if he did, tell him to go to hell!

Here Wheeler left abruptly, saying to J. G. T. he would hand him over to the gentlemen who were listening, evidently supposing that they would be on his side. So some of them were, in principle, though all agreed, irrespective of the merits of the case, in pronouncing Mr. Wheeler to be, personally, a blackguard.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 583. 12 1-2 cents.—A very pleasant number; especially for the warm weather. Our readers will make a permanent and desirable acquaintance in Sister Anne—and will find, in the lively articles upon the Rev. Sydney Smith, that he was a much stronger, better, and more loveable man than they had previously supposed. The Visit to the Devil-Worshippers will do as a substitute for a vacation journey, to those who can't help it. The great Egyptian Scholar, Dr. Young, is an interesting study; and the Exodus Papyri is worth unrolling. Of Jane Eyre a few words more will always be welcome. The Strength of Russia—and the New Four Points are hardly sufficient of political matter—though very good "what there is of it." Littell, Son & Co., Boston.

DR. BRECKINRIDGE'S LETTER TO MR. SUMNER, which will be found under the appropriate head on the first page, will command the attention of our readers. It illustrates at once the logic, the temper, the morals and the piety of slaveholding. We doubt if Mr. Sumner will deem such a production worthy of any notice at his hands; but if he does use the occasion it offers for addressing the South, our readers will not have to wait long to see what he may say.

CHIEF JUSTICE LEWIS of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania refused, on Wednesday, to grant a habeas corpus with a view to inquire into the grounds upon which Passmore Williamson was sent to prison. He took the position that every Court of competent jurisdiction is an exclusive judge of contempts against itself, and says it would lead to endless confusion if one Court were to reconsider contempts adjudicated by another. Particulars next week.

WE have room only to say, just as we are going to press, that the Celebration at Morris's Grove, on Wednesday, was very pleasant and satisfactory. Report next week.

Summary.

PURGATORY.—"With regard to purgatory," says an old Popish writer, "I will not *say* a great deal; but this much I *think*—that the Protestants may go farther, and fare worse."

Gov. Clark has commuted the sentence of Henrietta Robinson, the "veiled murderess," lately sentenced at Troy, from hanging to imprisonment for life in the State Prison at Sing Sing. She is believed to be insane.

A QUEER OATH.—The following oath was administered to a little boy, 10 years of age, in the Iowa Legislature, chosen to do up documents: "You do solemnly swear, to support the Constitution of the United States, and of this State, and to fold papers to the best of your ability—So help you God."

A letter passed through the Post Office at Carlisle, one day last week, with the following direction: "Tak this letter to Carlyle. Tak it to Wm. Graham, plasterer, Dixon street, its no for him its for A Son of his they Ca John Graham a canny young Cheil about Twanty-two. Tak it to Carlyle bas I said before."

Rev. James A. Lyon, of Columbus, Mississippi, recently said, in a sermon, "that it is a shameful fact that *no man can be hanged for murder in the South West!*" He also said: "The frequency with which *slaves* are killed, and the little attention paid to it by the officers of the land, is a crying evil."

A slave case has just been decided in Prussia. Dr. Ritter took with him to Berlin, Prussia, a negro slave, whom he had purchased in Brazil. The slave was at first declared free, but, after full investigation, it was decided that the case had to be adjudged according to the *lex loci*, and the application of the slave was refused, and he remanded to his owner. This goes beyond the Fugitive Slave Law of the United States.

The following, clipped from the *Newburyport Herald*, is "for the benefit of whom it may concern":

"Theodore Parker, in his sermon last Sunday, stated that there is a man living in the town of Freeport, Maine, a citizen, owning three hundred slaves in Georgia, holding some in this State—a wife and daughter living with him, he being father to his wife, and grandfather to his daughter!"

ELEVATION OF THE COLOURED RACE.—It is pleasant to notice the gradual advancement of the coloured race in our community, which is so silently yet surely going on; and it is equally agreeable to witness the efforts put forth by the race itself to secure a position in the paths of usefulness and honour. We have now well established and respected coloured teachers, editors, physicians, clergymen, dramatic readers and vocalists. —*Boston Telegraph.*

We learn that an order having been issued to the men of the razee-frigate Independence, now stationed on the Pacific Coast, to work on Sunday while in port, the Chaplin spoke against such labours in his sermon. Commodore Mervin thereupon ordered him to desist, and he has not been permitted to preach since. It is understood that the Chaplain accordingly will leave his ship and come to Washington to make complaint.

THE FIRST CASE UNDER THE NEW LAW.—Two very likely-looking mulatto slave girls were emancipated yesterday by a Jury of Slaveholders, on the application of their owner, who was also a mulatto; they were also allowed to remain in the State and enjoy their liberty, upon the master giving bond and security that they should never become a burden to the Commonwealth. This is the first case under the new law which was passed by the last Legislature. Hitherto the Legislature alone had the power of emancipation.—*N. O. Delta.*

WOMEN AS PRINTERS.—The *Country Gentleman*, one of the very neatest journals, mechanically speaking, in the country, says that, for the last two years, its types have been wholly set by girls, to its entire satisfaction. It says that their galleys of proof are generally such as would glad the eye of any proof-reader, and this often from the worst kind of manuscript. In fact, we have seldom seen experienced journeymen who could excel them in average correctness.

USE OF TOBACCO.—In the United States, physicians have estimated that 20,000 persons die every year from the use of tobacco. In Germany, the physicians have calculated that, of all the deaths which occur between the ages of 18 and 26, one-half originate in the waste of the constitution by smoking. They say that the article exhausts and deranges the nervous powers, and produces a long train of nervous diseases, to which the stomach is liable, and especially those forms that go under the name of dyspepsia. It also exerts a disastrous influence on the mind.

The presence of a very prepossessing coloured lady at the recent anniversary of the Phi Beta Kappa, at Cambridge, created some curiosity. We learn that it was Mrs. Webb, who has been so successful in her public readings. It is rumoured that she is now pursuing a course of tuition with a view to appearing on the Dramatic Boards, in which department she has secured the valuable aid of artists in this city, whose names, if given to the public, would invest the undertaking with the prestige of success.—*Boston Telegraph.*

CURE FOR PROFANITY.—The California *Christian Advocate* says: "An intelligent lady of our acquaintance, whose little boy was beginning to swear, anxious to express to her child her horror of profanity, hit upon the novel process of washing his mouth out with soapsuds whenever he swore. It was an effectual cure. The boy understood his mother's sense of the corruption of an oath, which, with the taste of the suds, produced the desired result." The practice, if universally adopted, would raise the price of soap.

A FEMALE FOOT RACE.—Three splendid prizes, the least of which is $25 in gold, will be offered to the ladies of Seneca County, Ohio, at the next annual fair, October, 1855, for the swiftest running at foot-race. Apropos—they have a Miss Bentley in Cincinnati who has been walking a match against a famed pedestrian. After walking for 39 hours, it was agreed that they should settle the match by a race six times up the Hall. Miss B. gained the race by a few steps, and received the prize, when she "sung several songs, in her usual clear, sweet, and nice-toned voice, the great fatigue of walking not having impaired it the least."

RELIGIOUS DOUGHFACEISM REBUKED.—The Erie Methodist Conference of Pennsylvania recently proposed to unite with the Western Virginia Conference in procuring the modification of the famous "sixth rule," so that Methodists may be allowed to hold slaves for *benevolent* purposes. This officious intermeddling of a Northern Conference in behalf of slavery has been promptly declined by the Virginia Methodists, who say that it is inexpedient to grant any such liberty, as it would be *open to great abuse*. It is to be hoped that the Erians have souls big enough to feel humiliated by this rebuke.

We wonder if the Erie Conference would not like to have *stealing* legalized for *benevolent* purposes.

"STRAYED OR STOLEN.—A Clay Bank BULL DOG, three months old, from my plantation, for which I will pay a liberal reward, *and hang the thief, if an Abolitionist*. JAS. W. RICH. Squatter, salt Creek Valley

June 29, 1855.—tod3t."

The above advertisement we clip from the *Kansas Pioneer*, a proslavery paper printed in Kickapoo city. Mr. Rich, no doubt, has taken lessons in rowdyism from Vice-President Atchison, and feels as bold as a *sheep*. We think he would have a good time of it should he attempt to inflict the threatened punishment on a raw-boned six-footer, from the North somewhere, who happened to be blessed with a backbone.

NOT AN IMPOSTER.—A few weeks since, we noticed that Rev. Charles Smith, a coloured preacher, who had been soliciting aid in this community, to redeem his wife and children from slavery, had been arrested on the charge of obtaining money under false pretences, and that, on a hearing before a magistrate, he had been committed to answer at the August sessions.

Since that time, some gentlemen interested in the matter, have been making inquiries to ascertain the truth concerning it, and we believe they are now satisfied that he has been wrongly accused. The man was a slave, and his wife and children are now in slavery—and his collections were made with a view to secure their freedom. Through fear he changed his name, which led him into the difficulty in which he was. We have understood that he would be discharged from prison at an early date.—*Norristown (Pa.) Herald.*

GUARDIANSHIP OF A COLOURED CHILD.—On Monday a hearing was had before E. G. Loring, Judge of Probate for Suffolk County, upon the petition of a coloured woman for a change of guardianship of a child, on the ground that the welfare of the child demanded it. During the fugitive slave excitement, the woman left Boston and went to Canada, leaving her adopted child in the care of a family in Boston. On her return, she located in New Bedford, but, in the meantime, the family with whom the child had been left had obtained a legal guardianship over it. The petition now asks for the appointment of Hon. Rodney French as guardian of the child. She was asked whether she was a fugitive slave or not, which question she declined to answer. The case was not decided, and the further hearing was postponed to a future time.—*New Bedford Standard.*

A HARD CASE.—Some time ago, we mentioned the fact that John Bell, a mulatto, who was formerly from Dayton, was put off from a steamboat in a town in Arkansas, and was there arrested and held as a runaway slave. Up to this time, he has not been restored to freedom, although we learn that, after strenuous exertions and the payment of a heavy bill of costs, his friends expect that he will be set free.

On the 12th of March last, Isaac Roberts, a mulatto, aged about 22 years, who was born at Hamilton, O., and was raised at Harveysburg, Warren county, O., by Dr. Harvey, being employed upon a steamboat, as fireman, between St. Louis and New Orleans, while standing upon the levee at the latter place, was arrested by the police and confined in jail as a runaway slave. Unfortunately, Roberts had no evidences of his freedom about him, being in the same condition as most white freemen are in that respect. Roberts has now been in jail nearly 4 months, and will be sold, to pay costs, in SIXTY days, unless redeemed. He is represented as being a worthy man, has a mother residing in this city, and a sister with Mr. C. Butler, a well-known citizen of Franklin.—*Dayton (Ohio) Gaz.*

WHAT CAN W

Miscellaneous Department.

At one of the private gatherings, got together at the time of the World's Anti-Slavery Convention, in London, in 1840, for the entertainment and in honour of the American delegates, an original poem, addressed To The Poets of America, was read by George Thompson. No copy of the poem, however, could be procured, and the curiosity to see it of those who heard it, and of those who heard *of* it, has hitherto been ungratified till the appearance of Dr. Beattie's Memoirs of Lady Blessington, recently published, in which the poem—as a friend, who was present at the reading referred to, assures us—is given to the world. We copy it below, marvelling that the American publishers should so far forget the literary Prohibitory Law as to give us the opportunity.

TO THE POETS OF AMERICA.

Bards of Freedom's boasted land!
Brothers! foremost of the free!
Ye who, with impassioned hand,
Sweep the chords of Liberty—
Ye to whom the boon is given
To win the ear and melt the heart,
Awake! and, waking earth to heaven,
Perform the minstrel's noblest part.

Why stand ye mute when on the ear
A thunder-peal from sea to sea—
A peal earth's darkest haunts shall hear—
Proclaims the slave shall now be free?
Long has he drained the bitter cup,
Long borne the scourge and dragged the chain;
But now the strength of Europe's up—
A strength that ne'er shall sleep again.

Your Garrison has fann'd the flame—
Child, Chapman, Pierpont, catch the fire;
And roused at Freedom's hallowed name,
Hark! Bryant, Whittier strike the lyre;
While *her* hearts, voices trumpet-toned,
Montgomery, Cowper, Campbell, Moore,
To Freedom's glorious cause respond
In sounds that thrill to every core.

Their voice has conjured up a power
No foes can daunt, no force arrest,
That gathers strength with every hour,
And strikes a chord in every breast—
A power that soon, on Afric's sand,
On Cuba's shore, on Ocean's flood,
Shall crush the oppressor's iron hand
And blast the traffickers in blood.

Oh where should Freedom's hope abide
Save in the bosoms of the free—
Where should the wretched negro hide
Save in the shade of Freedom's tree?
And where should minstrels wake the strain
That cheers Columbia's forest wild?
Oh! not where captives clank their chain,
For Poetry is Freedom's child.

The minstrel cannot, must not sing
Where better'd slaves in bondage pine;
Man has no voice, the Muse no wing
Save in the light of Freedom's shrine.
Oh, by those songs your children sing,
The lays that soothe your winter fires,
The hopes, the hearths to which you cling,
The sacred ashes of your sires—

By all the joys that crown the free—
Love, honour, fame, the hopes of heaven—
Wake in your might, that earth may see
God's gifts have not been vainly given.

Bards of Freedom's foremost strand,
Strike at last your loftiest key;
Peal the watchword through the land,
Shout till every slave is free:
Long has he drained the bitter cup,
Long borne the lash and clanked the chain.
But now the strength of Europe's up—
A strength that ne'er shall sleep again.

London, June 24, 1840.

WM. BEATTIE, M.D.

SYDNEY SMITH.

Sydney Smith, the second of four brothers (with one sister), was born at Woodford, in Essex, in the year 1771. His father was a man possessing some property, a quaint and singular being, who cultivated his singularities—knew everybody's business and everybody's history—bought, altered, spoiled, and then sold—almost nineteen different places in England"—and dressed pretty much as Quakers dress. His mother was of French extraction, the daughter of an emigrant from Languedoc, a graceful, spirited woman, whose health failed her while she was "still young and beautiful," and who died too early. The sons seem to have inherited the best qualities of both parents: Sydney, his father's individuality of humour without its accompanying disregard of responsibilities, and his mothers sweetness and vivacity. When a boy, he made himself noisily heard by discussing all manner of subjects, gay and grave, with his eldest brother Robert (or Bobus), as the two lay on the floor among their books. On being placed at Winchester school, he presently rose to its captainship, and to such a reputation for success that his schoolfellows refused to compete for prizes when he and a younger brother, Courtenay, were known to be in the lists. He distinguished himself in making Latin verses; but he had time also for mischief—since, among the records of Sydney's school days, there is mention of a "catapult" invented by lamp-light, the purpose of which was the capture of a neighbouring turkey. From Winchester he was removed to New College, Oxford, of which he became a fellow; and his education, so far as learning of books and languages goes, may be described as completed by six months spent at Mont Villiers at Normandy, where he acquired a thorough knowledge of the French language. But from the earliest time of Sydney's life a marking trait presents itself, as explicit in its promise of a fair future, as his being found reading Virgil under a tree when all his school-fellows were at play, or pinching himself to help a friend in need with five guineas. It speaks volumes for one so brimful with life and spirits, so rich in the power of giving and of taking enjoyment, that he never yielded to the habits of convivial excess which then distinguished college life—that he never fell into debt. He could control, too, his inclinations; for being induced (as the usage then was) by his father to adopt the Church as a profession, in place of going to the Bar, which had been his desire, he seems thenceforward to have bent himself, with all his cheerfulness of heart and vigour of will, to his duty as a pastor and a churchman. The scene of his entrance on life was enough to try his resolution. A small village in the midst of Salisbury Plain, where the folks were poor, and intercourse with the outer world was scanty, could hardly be less congenial to any priest, willing or unwilling, than it must have been to Sydney Smith; for his delight in towns and in the society of men was as lively as Johnson's had been in its day; and his mind wanted, perhaps, that poetical and contemplative element, which has made other men when thrown on retirement become

familiar with the bird, the book,

and get companionship, if not teaching, out of Nature. Thus, it must have been a relief to him—a positive opening of his prison-gate—when the squire of Netherhaven, Mr. Beach, proposed to the young curate to resign his Salisbury Plain curacy in favour of a tutorship. How Sydney Smith and his pupil set out for Weimar in 1797, and, "in stress of politics put into Edinburgh, where he remained five years," his own Preface to his collected criticisms has already pleasantly told the world.

We should like to have some idea of the impression which the laughter-loving Southron produced among the argumentative, shrewd, and touchy Scotchman into whose circle he was thrown—to know how far he was comprehended by them—to what extent the thistle bore his playful grasp without stinging in self-defence. He made warm, life-long friendships in the "Modern Athens," it is true; but if the strong men of Edinburgh were not fretted by his mirth, the fact convincingly testifies to the sweetness of heart which tinctured it.

"Though truly loving them, his quick sense of the ludicrous made him derive great amusement from the little foibles and peculiarities of the Scotch; and often has he made them laugh by his descriptions of things which struck his English eye. 'It requires,' he used to say, 'a surgical operation to get a joke well into the Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit, or rather, that inferior variety of this electric talent which prevails occasionally in the North, and which under the name of WUT, is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals. They are so imbued with metaphysics that they even make love metaphysically; I overheard a young lady of my acquaintance, at a dance in Edinburgh, exclaim, in a sudden pause of the music, 'What you say, my Lord, is very true of love in the *abstract*, but——' here the fiddlers began fiddling furiously, and the rest was lost."

After two years of residence in the North, Sydney Smith returned to England for the purpose of marrying a young lady, Miss Pybus, to whom he had long been engaged.

"It was lucky (continues Lady Holland) that Miss Pybus had some fortune, for my father's only contribution towards their future *menage* (save his own talents and character) were six small silver teaspoons, which, from much wear, had become the ghosts of their former selves. One day, in the madness of his joy, he came running into the room and flung these into her lap, saying, 'There, Kate, you lucky girl, I give you all my fortune.'"

Yet the pages which follow the one that records that whimsical marriage settlement, tell how Sydney Smith, when required by Mr. Beach with an *honorarium* of £1,000 for the care of his pupil, pressed the loan of £100 on a lady whose pecuniary difficulties had come to his knowledge—and contributed £40 of his store to the outfit of Leydon, the Scotch poet, for India. These deeds were lightly done and little thought of by their doer, for never was Christian man nor gentleman less of a trumpeter of himself than Sydney Smith; but as traits in the life of a young wit, who never balanced his charities by running into debt, they must have a rare worth with those who know what the lives of wits, old and young, have been—what such lives have been encouraged to become by false friendship.

The part which Sydney Smith took in establishing the *Edinburgh Review*, the new questions he handled and the manner in which this was done, may be passed quickly, as being already written in some of the best pages of England's modern literary annals. * * * *

It was in the Scottish Metropolis that Sydney Smith acquired that knowledge of medicine which he afterwards turned to such hopeful account among his parishioners at Foston and Combe Florey. But, in 1804, having completed the education of the sons of Mr. Beach, at the instance of his wife "he broke up his camp in Edinburgh," and removed to London. Here, though aided by some family assistance, he had to struggle through several years of genteel pauperism. Those were years of temptation, too. The young Whig wit no sooner arrived in our capital than he was sought for and cherished by the Whig leaders—was made one of the magical circle of Holland House, and was greeted by as liberal an issue of "soup tickets" (to use a phrase of his own) as ever before or since acknowledged the claims of a first class dinner out. He managed to give as well as to take: though poor, he established suppers, at which such men as Mackintosh, Whishaw, Luttrell, and Horner were glad to sit. *Apropos* of these suppers, we cannot resist an anecdote, which is noticeable as about the only instance of Hookism to be found in these volumes:

"It was on occasion of one of these suppers that Sir James Mackintosh happened to bring with him a raw Scotch cousin, an ensign in a Highland regiment. On hearing the name of his host he suddenly turned round, and, nudging Sir James, said in an audible whisper, 'Is that the great Sir Sudney?' 'Yes,' said Sir James, much amused; and giving my father the hint, on the instant he assumed the military character, performed the part of the hero of Acre to perfection, fought all his battles over again, and showed how he had charged the Turks to the infinite delight of the young Scotchman, who was quite enchanted with the kindness and condescension of 'the great Sir Sudney,' as he called him, and to the absolute torture of the other guests, who were bursting with suppressed laughter at the scene before them. At last, after an evening of the most inimitable acting on the part both of my father and Sir James, nothing would serve the young Highlander but setting off at twelve o'clock at night, to fetch the piper of his regiment to pipe to 'the great Sir Sudney,' who said he had never heard the bagpipes; upon which the whole party broke up and dispersed instantly, for Sir James said his Scotch cousin would infallibly cut his throat if he discovered his mistake. A few days afterwards, when Sir James Mackintosh and his Scotch cousin were talking in the streets, they met my father with my mother on his arm. He introduced her as his wife, upon which the Scotch cousin said in a low voice to Sir James, and looking at my mother, 'I did na ken the great Sir Sudney was married.' 'Why, no,' said Sir James, a little embarrassed and looking at him, 'not exactly married—only an Egyptian slave he brought over with him: Fatima—you know—you understand.' My mother was long known in the little circle as Fatima."

Sydney Smith was not, however, by dinners abroad and suppers at home to be cajoled into the self-disrespect of extravagance—into the forgetfulness of life's duties, when duty presented itself to him. Lord Holland obtained for him the living of Foston le Clay, in Yorkshire, in the year 1809; and pleasant, though prosy, are the chapters which detail the energy, the mirthfulness, the clear sense, and the affectionate benevolence with which this brilliant man, already the pet of poets, peers, and politicians, betook himself to the homelier life of a parish priest. * * * * * *

Sydney Smith had to build a house, furnish and fill it. From some of his own retrospects of these operations, we must detach a few paragraphs:

"I then took to horse to provide bricks and timber; was advised to make my own bricks, of my own clay; of course, when the kiln was open, all bad; mounted my horse again, and, in twenty-four hours, had brought thousands of bricks and tons of timber. Was advised by neighbouring gentlemen to employ oxen; bought four—Tug and Lug, Hawl and Crawl; but Tug and Lug took to fainting, and required buckets of salvolatile, and Hawl and Crawl to lie down in the mud. * * * A man servant was too expensive; so I caught up a little garden girl, made like a millstone, christened her Bunch, put a napkin in her hand, and made her my butler. The girl taught her to read, Mrs. Sydney to wait, and I undertook her morals; Bunch became the best butler in the county. * * At length it was suggested that a carriage was much wanted in the establishment; after diligent search, I discovered, in the back settlements of a York coachmaker, an ancient green chariot, supposed to have been the earliest invention of the kind. I brought it home in triumph to my admiring family. Being somewhat dilapidated, the village tailor lined it, the village blacksmith repaired it; nay (but for Mrs. Sydney's earnest entreaties), I believe the village painter would have exercised his genius upon the exterior; it escaped this danger, however, and the result was wonderful. Each year added to it charms; it grew younger and younger; a new wheel, a new spring; I christened it the *Immortal*; it was known all over the neighbourhood, the village boys cheered it, and the village dogs barked at it; but 'Faber meæ fortunæ' was my motto, and we had no false shame. Added to all these domestic cares, I was village parson, village doctor, village comforter, village magistrate and Edinburgh Reviewer; so, you see, I had not much time left on my hands to regret London."

The following, too, from reminiscences of this period, contributed by Mrs. Marcet, is precious:

"Mr. Smith was talking after breakfast with Dr. Marcet, in a very impressive and serious tone, on scientific subjects, and I was admiring the enlarged and philosophic manner in which he discoursed on them, when, suddenly starting up, he stretched out his arms, and said, 'Come now, let us talk a little nonsense.' And then came such a flow of wit, and joke, and anecdote, such a burst of spirits, such a charm and freshness of manner, such an irresistible laugh, that Solomon himself would have yielded to the infection, and called out, 'Nonsense forever!' * * * I was coming down stairs the next morning (she continues), when Mr. Smith suddenly said to Bunch, who was passing, 'Bunch, do you like roast duck or boiled chicken?' Bunch had probably never tasted either one or the other in her life, but answered, without a moment's hesitation, 'Roast duck, please, Sir,' and disappeared. I laughed. 'You may laugh,' said he, 'but you have no idea of the labour it has cost me to give her that decision of character. The Yorkshire peasantry are the quickest and shrewdest in the world, but you can never get a direct answer from them; if you ask them their own names, they always scratch their heads, and say, "A 's sur, ai don't know, Sir;" but I have brought Bunch to such perfection, that she never hesitates now on any subject, however difficult. I am very strict with her. Would you like to hear her repeat her crimes? She has them by heart, and repeats them every day. 'Come here, Bunch!' (calling out to her) come here and repeat your crimes to Mrs. Marcet'; and Bunch, a clean, fair, squat, tidy little girl, about ten or twelve years of age, quite as a matter of course, as grave as a judge, without the least hesitation, and with a loud voice, began to repeat—'Plate-snatching, gravy-spilling, door-slamming, blue-bottle fly-catching and curtsey-bobbing.' 'Explain to Mrs. Marcet what blue-bottle fly-catching is.' 'Standing with my mouth open and not attending, Sir.' —'And what is curtsey-bobbing?' 'Curtseying to the centre of the earth, please, Sir.'—'Good girl! now you may go. She makes a capital waiter, I assure you; on *state* occasions, Jack Robinson, my carpenter, takes off his apron and waits too, and does pretty well, but he sometimes naturally makes a mistake, and sticks a gimlet into the bread instead of a fork.'" * * *

The entries belonging to a more prosperous and later period of Sydney Smith's life in the country, after he had exchanged Foston for Combe Florey, and surrounded "Bunch" with "a company" (as the dramatic phrase is) of efficient fellow-domestics are capital and characteristic.

"My father 'was eating a breakfast one morning in the library at Combe Florey,' said Mrs. Marcet, who was staying with us, 'when a poor woman came begging him to christen a new-born infant, without loss of time, as she thought it was dying. Mr. Smith instantly quitted the breakfast table for this purpose, and went off to her cottage. On his return, we inquired in what state he had left the poor babe.' 'Why,' said he, 'I first gave it a dose of castor oil, and then I christened it; so now the poor child is ready for either world.' I long to give some sketch of these breakfasts, the mode of life at Combe Florey, where there were often assembled guests that would have made any table agreeable anywhere; but it would be difficult to convey an adequate idea of the beauty, gayety and happiness of the scene in which they took place, or the charm that be infused into the society assembled round his breakfast table. The room, an oblong, was, as I have already described, surrounded on three sides by books, and ended in a bay-window opening into the garden; not brown, dark, dull-looking volumes, but all in the brightest bindings; for he carried his system of furnishing for gayety even to the dress of his books. He would come down into this long, low room in the morning, like a 'giant refreshed to run his course'; bright and happy as the scene around him. 'Thank God for Combe Florey!' he would exclaim, throwing himself into his red arm-chair, and looking around: 'I feel like a bridegroom in the honeymoon.' And in truth, I doubt, if ever bridegroom felt so joyous, or at least made others feel so joyous, as he did on these occasions. 'Ring the bell, Saba'; the usual refrain, by the bye, in every pause, for he contrived to keep everybody actively employed around him, and nobody ever objected to be so employed. 'Ring the bell, Saba.' Enter the servant D——. 'D——, glorify the room.' This meant that the three Venetian windows of the bay were flung open, displaying the garden on every side, and letting in a blaze of sunshine and flowers. D—— glorifies the room with the utmost gravity and departs. 'You would not believe it,' he said, 'to look at him now, but D—— is a reformed Quaker. Yes, he quakes, or did quake; his brother quakes still, but D—— is now thoroughly orthodox. I should not like to be a dissenter in his way; he is to be one of my verges at St. Paul's some day. Lady B—— calls them my virgins.' She asked me, the other day, 'Pray, Mr. Smith, is it true that you walk down St. Paul's with three virgins holding silver pokers before you?' I shook my head, and looked very grave, and bid her come and see. Some enemy of the Church, some Dissenter, had clearly been misleading her. 'There, now,' sitting down at the breakfast table, 'take a lesson of economy. You never breakfasted in a parsonage before, did you? There, you see, my china is all white, so, if broken, can always be renewed; the same with my plates at dinner: did you observe my plates? every one a different pattern, some of them *sweet articles*: it was a pleasure to dine upon such plates as I had last night. It is true, Mrs. Sydney, who is a great herald, is shocked because some of them have the arms of a royal duke or a knight of the garter on them, but that does not signify to me. My plan is to go into a china shop and bid them show me every plate they have which does not cost more than half a crown: you see the result. I think breakfasts so pleasant because no one is conceited before one o'clock.' Mrs. Marcet admired his ham. 'Oh,' said he, 'our hams are the only true hams; yours are Shems and Japhets.' Some one, speaking of the character and writings of Mr. ——: 'Yes, I have the greatest possible respect for him; but, from his feeble voice, he always reminds me of a liberal blue-bottle fly. He gets his head down and his hand on your button and pours into you an uninterrupted stream of Whigism in a low buz. I have known him intimately, and conversed constantly with him for the last thirty years, and give him credit for the most enlightened mind, and a genuine love of public virtue; but I can safely say that, during that period, I have never heard one single syllable he has uttered.' Mrs. Marcet complained she could not sleep: 'I can furnish you,' he said, 'with a perfect soporific. I have published two volumes of sermons; take them to bed with you. I recommended them once to Blanco White, and before the third page he was fast.' 'This is the only sensible Spring I remember (1840); it is a real march of intellect.'"

These joyous sights and cheerful sayings belonged to a late period of Sydney Smith's life.—*London Athenæum.*

MY LOST YOUTH.

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song,
It murmurs and whispers still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the ships,
And the sea-tides tossing free;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy down of orchards,
The shadows of Deering's woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighbourhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song
It flutters and murmurs still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and gloams that dart
Across the schoolboy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
Are longings wild and vain.
And the voice of that fitful song
Sings on, and is never still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallour into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And, with joy that is almost pain,
My heart goes back to wander there,
And, among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song,
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

—*Putnam's Magazine for August.*

EMILY BRONTE.

Emily Bronte, the author of "Wuthering Heights," was, we have no hesitation in saying, one of the most extraordinary women that ever lived; we have felt strongly impelled to pronounce her genius more powerful, her promise more rich, even than those of her gifted sister, Charlotte. For receiving this avowal, the reader will be somewhat prepared, by perusing the following sentences from the biographic notice, brief, but of thrilling interest, of her two sisters, given to the world by Currer Bell: "My sister Emily first declined. The details of her illness are deep-branded in my memory; but to dwell on them, either in thought or narrative, is not in my power. Never in all her life had she lingered over any task that lay before her, and she did not linger now. She sank rapidly. She made haste to leave us. Yet, while physically she perished, mentally she grew stronger than we had yet known her. Day by day, when I saw with what a frost she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love. I have seen nothing like it; but, indeed, I have never seen her parallel in anything. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful point was, that, while full of truth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the faded eyes, the same service was exacted as they had rendered in health."

The picture thus vividly drawn of a frail form, standing up undaunted in the scowl of death, should be kept beforeus as we turn to the work left us by Ellis Bell. It were a strange and surely a distempered criticism which hesitated to pass sentence of condemnation on "Wuthering Heights." We have no such hesitation. Canons of art sound and imperative, true tastes and natural instincts, of which these canons are the expression, unite in pronouncing it unquestionably and irremediably monstrous. If there is any truth or indication of truth in all that the most artistic of nations alleged concerning the line of beauty, if it is true that in every work of art, however displayed, we must meet the proofs of moderation, of calmness, of tempered and mastered power, if it is a reasonable demand that the instances of nature's abortion, from which we would turn away in the street, that objects and incidents which awaken no higher emotion than abhorrent disgust, be honoured with no embalming rites, but left to be taken out of our sight, like dead dogs and carrion, by that nature which ever perpetuates what is gross or noisome, this work must be condemned.

The whole atmosphere of this fiction is distempered, disturbed and unnatural; fever and malaria are in the air; the emotions and the crimes are on the scale of madness, and, as if earthly beings, and feelings called terrestrial, were not of potency sufficient to carry on this exciting drama, there are dangerous, very ghostly personages, of the spectral order, introduced, and communings held with the spirit world which would go far to prove Yorkshire the original locality of spirit-rapping. All this is true, and no reader of the book will deem our mode of expressing it severe; yet we have perfect confidence in pointing to "Wuthering Heights" as a work which contains evidence of powers it were perhaps impossible to estimate, and wealth it were vain to compute.

We might descant at great length on the variety of power displayed in this extraordinary book; but we should leave it without conveying an idea, even partially correct, of its general character, if we omitted to notice those touches of nature's softest beauty, those tones of nature's softest melody, which are blended, so cunningly as to excite no sense of discord, with its general excitement and gloom. We cannot forbear quoting here a passage which seems to us deeply suggestive; the speaker is a young girl, and he of whom she speaks, a boy about her own age:

"One time, however, we were near quarrelling. He said the pleasantest manner of spending a hot July day was lying from morning till evening on a bank of heath in the middle of the moors, with the bees humming dreamily about among the bloom, and the larks singing high up overhead, and the blue sky and bright sun shining steadily and cloudlessly. That was his perfect idea of heaven's happiness. Mine was, rocking in a rustling green tree, with a west wind blowing, and bright, white clouds flitting rapidly above; and not only larks, but throstles, and blackbirds and linnets, and cuckoos, pouring out music on every side, and the moors seen at a distance, broken into cool, dusky dells; but close by great swells of long grass undulating in waves by the breeze; and woods, and sounding water, and the whole world awake and wild with joy. He wanted all to lie in an ecstacy of peace; I wanted all to sparkle and dance in a glorious jubilee."

Does not this bear witness to much? None but the youthful sympathy of a green heart could have won access to that child's heaven; none but a free and elastic and loving nature could thus, with the inimitable touch of truth and reality, have heard, through the ear of that glad girl, in the joy-toned anthem of bird and water and rustling branches, the very music of heaven; while the faithfulness of the picture, the perfect and effortless realization of the whole summer scene, so that we hear that west wind and see those bright white clouds—the cumulous clouds which, the summer long, are the flocks of the west wind—and scent that bloom of the warm, waving heather, is demonstration absolutely sufficient of that inborn love of nature's joy and beauty which never yet dwelt in a narrow or unworthy breast. This little extract, too, is sufficient to prove maturity and excellence of style. There is a free, strong, graceful force in every line; there is no dallying, no second touch; the little scene groups itself gracefully together as if to that summer music.

We have already lingered too long with Ellis Bell. We make no more than an allusion to her poetry. It is characterized by strength and freshness, and by that original cadence, that power of memory, which, be it wild, tender, or even at times harsh, we never heard before, and know to come at first hand from nature, as-her sign of the born poet. We have not minutely compared the poetry of the three sisters; but, in spite of a prevailing opinion to the contrary, we scruple not to declare, that the clear result of what examination we have made is the conclusion that Ellis Bell's is beyond measure the best.

But, after all, we must pronounce what has been left us by this wonderful woman, unhealthy, immature and worthy of being avoided. "Wuthering Heights" belongs to the horror school of fiction and is involved in its unequivocal and unexcepting condemnation. Such works, even when of the highest excellence in their class, as those of Ellis Bell and Edgar Poe, we would deliberately sentence to oblivion; their general effect is to produce a mental state alien to the calm energy and quiet homely feelings of real life, to make the soul the slave of stimulants, and these of the fiercest kind, and, whatever irritability may for the time be fostered, to shiver and dry up those sympathies which are the most tender, delicate and precious. Works like those of Edgar Poe and this "Wuthering Heights" must be plainly declared to blunt, to brutalize and to enervate the mind. Of the poetry, also, of Ellis Bell, it must be said that it is not healthful: that its beauty is allied to that wild loveliness which may gleam on the hectic cheek, or move while it startles, as we listen to maniac ravings. And wherefore this unchanging wail, whence this perpetual and inexpressible melancholy, in the poems of one so young? What destiny is it with which this young heart so vainly struggles and by which it is overcome? Is it possible that, under the sunny azure of an English sky, and while the foot is on English moors, so utter a sadness may descend on a girl, whom we expect to find "a metaphor of spring and mirth and gladness," the sister of the fawn and the linnet! The spectacle is deeply touching, and alas! the explanation is at hand; an explanation which, while it leaves untouched the assertion that the beauty of these poems is that of the blighted flower, changes every feeling with which we might momentarily regard their author into pitying sorrow. Her genius was yoked with death; it never freed itself from the dire companionship, never rose into freedom and clearness: as in the old Platonic chariot, her soul borne by her winged genius, rose strong, and daring toward the empyrean, but ere it breathed the pure serene, that black steed, which was also yoked indissolubly to the car, dragged her downwards even to the grave. Her poetry, whatever tones of true and joyful lyric music it may at intervals afford, is, as a whole, but the wild wailing melody to which was fought the battle between genius and death.

ANNE BRONTE.

Of Anne Bronte, known as Acton Bell, we have scarce a remark to make. In her life, too, sadness was the reigning element; but she possessed no such strong genius as her sister. "Anne's character," says Currer Bell, "was more subdued; she wanted the power, the fire, the originality of her sister, but was well endowed with quiet virtues of her own. Long-suffering, self-denying, reflective and intelligent, a constitutional reserve and taciturnity placed and kept her in the shade, and covered her mind, and especially her feelings, with a sort of nun-like veil, which was rarely lifted." Her death is thus recorded by the same authority—"She (Ellis) was not buried ere Anne fell ill. She had not been committed to the grave a fortnight before we received distinct intimation that it was necessary to prepare our minds to see the younger sister go after the elder. Accordingly, she followed in the same path, with slower step, and with a patience that equalled the other's fortitude. I have said that she was religious, and it was by leaning on those Christian doctrines in which she firmly believed that she found support through her most painful journey. I witnessed their efficacy in her latest hour and greatest trial, and must bear testimony to the calm triumph with which they brought her through." She died May 28, 1849. The last lines written by Acton Bell are as full of pathos, awaken a sorrow so holy and ennobling, and breathe a faith so strong and tranquil, that we cannot pass them by:

"I hoped, that with the brave and strong,
My portion'd task might lie;
To toil amid the busy throng,
With purpose pure and high.

But God has fix'd another part.
And he has fixed it well:
I said so with my bleeding heart.
When first the anguish fell.

Thou, God, hast taken our delight,
Our treasured hope away;
Thou bidd'st us now weep through the night,
And sorrow through the day.

These weary hours will not be lost,
These days of misery,
These nights of darkness, anguish-tost,
Can I but turn to thee:

With secret labour to sustain
In humble patience every blow;
To gather fortitude from pain,
And hope and holiness from woe.

Thus let me serve thee from my heart.
Whate'er may be my written fate;
Whether thus early to depart,
Or yet awhile to wait.

If thou should'st bring me back to life,
More humbled I should be;
More wise—more strengthened for the strife,
More apt to lean on thee.

Should death be standing at the gate,
Thus should I keep my vow;
But, Lord! whatever be my fate,
Oh, let me serve thee now!"

"These lines written," adds Currer Bell, "the desk was closed, the pen laid aside, forever."—*Hogg's Instructor.*

THE LADIES OF LLANGELLEN.

Lady Eleanor Butler (now 1788), about twenty-eight, was born in Dublin. An orphan from the cradle, and a rich, amiable and lovely heiress, her hand was sought by persons of the best families in Ireland; but she very early announced her repugnance to marriage. This taste for independence she concealed; her behaviour was always marked with perfect propriety; no woman was ever more remarkable for mildness, modesty and all the virtues that embellish her sex. From earliest infancy, she was the intimate friend of Miss Ponsonby, sister of the famous speaker in the Parliament of Ireland. By a singular coincidence of events, which struck their imaginations, they were both born in Dublin, in the same year and on the same day, and they became orphans at the same period. It was easy for them to fancy, from this, that heaven had created them for each other; that it had destined them to consecrate their mutual existence to each other, and to perform together the voyage of life, in the bosom of peace, of confidence and of independence. Their sensibility enabled them to realize this illusion. Their friendship so increased with their age that, at seventeen, they mutually promised to preserve their liberty and never to part from each other. They formed, from that moment, the plan of withdrawing from the world and fixing themselves forever in the profoundest solitude. Having heard of the charming landscape of Wales, they made a secret journey thither, in order to choose the place of their retreat. They arrived at Llangellen, and there found, on the summit of a mountain, a little isolated cottage, of which the situation seemed to them delicious. There it was that they resolved to fix their abode. The guardians of the young fugitives, however, traced their steps, and brought them back to Dublin. They declared that they would return to their mountain as soon as they should have attained their majority. In fact, at twenty-one, in spite of all the entreaties and arguments of their relations, they quitted Ireland forever, and went to Llangellen. Miss Ponsonby is not rich, but Lady Eleanor possesses a considerable fortune. She purchased the little cottage of the peasants, and the land about the mountain, and built a house upon its site, of which the outside is extremely simple, but the interior of the greatest elegance. On the platform of the mountain, surrounding the cottage, are a court and flower-garden; a hedge of roses is the only fence of that rural habitation. A commodious carriage-way was made in the mountain; on the top were allowed to remain some ancient firs of a prodigious size; fruit trees were planted, and, in particular, a great number of cherry trees, which produce the finest cherries in England. They possess, at the foot of the hill, a meadow for their flocks, a beautiful farm-house and a kitchen-garden. These two extraordinary persons, both of whom possess the most cultivated minds, and the most charming accomplishments, have lived in that solitude for seven years, without ever having slept out of it in a single instance. Nevertheless, they are far from reserved; they receive with equal politeness and kindness travellers who are recommended to their kindness by their old friends. * * We were received with a grace, a cordiality, and a charming good nature, of which it would be impossible to give an idea. Everything was genuine and natural in their manners and conversation. They spoke French with as much ease as purity. Lady Eleanor had a charming face, bright with freshness and health; everything about her announced vivacity, gayety and frankness. Miss Ponsonby's face was pale, with a pensive and reserved expression. Both had the noblest manners and the most cultivated minds. An excellent library, composed of the best English, French and Italian authors, was a source of amusement and solid occupation. The interior of the house was remarkable for the beauty of its proportions, the convenient distribution of its apartments, the elegance of the ornaments and the furniture, and the beautiful views which were visible from all the windows. The drawing-room was adorned with charming landscapes, drawn and painted after nature by Miss Ponsonby. Lady Eleanor was a good musician; and both had filled their solitary dwelling with embroidery, of which the work was extraordinary. Miss Ponsonby, whose handwriting was the most beautiful I ever saw, had made elegant extracts in prose and verse, written in her own hand, and embellished with arabesques in the finest taste, which formed a very precious collection.

Llangellen is surrounded by shady groves and delicious meadows of the freshest green. The village has not the rich appearance of English villages, but nothing can surpass the neatness of the interior of the houses.—*Memoirs of the Countess De Genlis.*

THE OLD MAID'S PRAYER.

BY LADY ELEANOR BUTLER.

Since thou and the Fates, my dear Goddess, decree
That, old maid as I am, an old maid I must be,
Oh hear the petition I offer to thee!
For to bear it must be my endeavour.
From the grief of my friendships all drooping around,
Till not one that I loved in my youth can be found;
From the legacy hunters, that near us abound.
Diana, thy servant deliver!

From the taunts of the young and the flaunts of the gay;
From all the trite ridicule rattled away
By the pert ones who have nothing wiser to say,
Oh a spirit to laugh at them give her!
From repining at fancied neglected desert,
Or vain of a civil speech, bridling alert;
From finical niceness or slatternly dirt,
Diana, thy servant deliver!

From our solicitous guarding of pelf;
From Humour unchecked, that most obstinate elf;
From every unsocial attention to self,
Or ridiculous whim whatsoever;
From the vapourish freaks, or methodical airs,
Apt to sprout in a brain that's exempted from cares;
From impertinent meddling in others' affairs.
Diana, thy servant deliver!

From the erring attachment of desolate souls;
From the love of Spadellos or Metador wiles;
Or of lap-dogs, or parrots, or monkeys, or owls.
Be they ne'er so uncommon or clever!
But chief from the love with all loveliness flown,
Which makes the dim eye condescend to look down
On some ape of a fop or some owl of a clown,
Oh, Diana, thy servant deliver!

From spleen at beholding the young more caressed;
From pettish asperity tartly expressed;
From scandal, detraction, and every such pest,
From all, thy true servant deliver!
Nor let satisfaction depart from her lot:
Let her sing if at ease, be patient if not,
Be pleased if remembered, content if forgot,
Till the Fates her slight thread shall disever!

REMINISCENCES OF CHANNING.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

St. Croix, W. I., April, 1855.

* * * I close these letters by alluding to that which of all things I have met here has occasioned in me the strongest and purest emotion. It was a visit to the mansion where our great, calm and pure-minded countryman, Dr. Channing—to avoid the rigours of Boston climate—passed the winters of 1850 and 1831. I was aware, from reading his deeply interesting Memoirs, that he came here; and one of my earliest inquiries on arriving was for the spot where, amid these beautiful scenes, he passed his time in deep and earnest contemplation upon the soul's relation to its Maker, and upon the essential, yet sadly violated law, of love between man and man—to which subjects he could but have been attracted by these new observations of Society. I felt that it must be a place of interest to Americans—for there, in the maturity of his powers, one of our greatest philanthropists and reformers had received a re-baptism in that hatred of oppression and wrong which he had experienced on our own soil in his ardent, earnest youth, and which had led him to return home and at once, with a truly conservative, patriotic and deep-toned spirit, to raise one of the earliest voices of remonstrance against American slavery. That voice has gone on increasing—collecting volume like muttering thunder, sometimes swelling out in anger—until the strong pillars of our country's peace and safety are shaken by its reverberations.

Dr. Channing resided at Clifton Hill, an estate in the centre of the island. The house stands on a rise of land overlooking to the eastward the handsomest valley in all the island—from which the eye can sweep around to the south and west, taking in large reaches of land and sea. By invitation of Werner De Nully, Esq., of the adjoining estate "Slobs," I passed a day and a night in that district. As the morning sun was pouring its earliest flood of golden light into the valley, gilding the conspicuous mansion of Clifton Hill, I paid a visit of affectionate reverence to the place, that I might see the house in which he had resided—take in those landscape views whose forms of beauty had passed into his mind—stroll through those grounds where he, feeble and attenuated, yet animated by the brightest and purest intellect, had wandered, and where I knew he had meditated upon and yearned for a brighter and happier day for humanity—the day of freedom from wrong, suffering, ignorance and vice. I saw the "piazza in which